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UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THE
OXFORD SAUSAGE;

OR,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES:

WRITTEN

BY THE MOST CELEBRATED WITS

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

=====

A NEW EDITION.

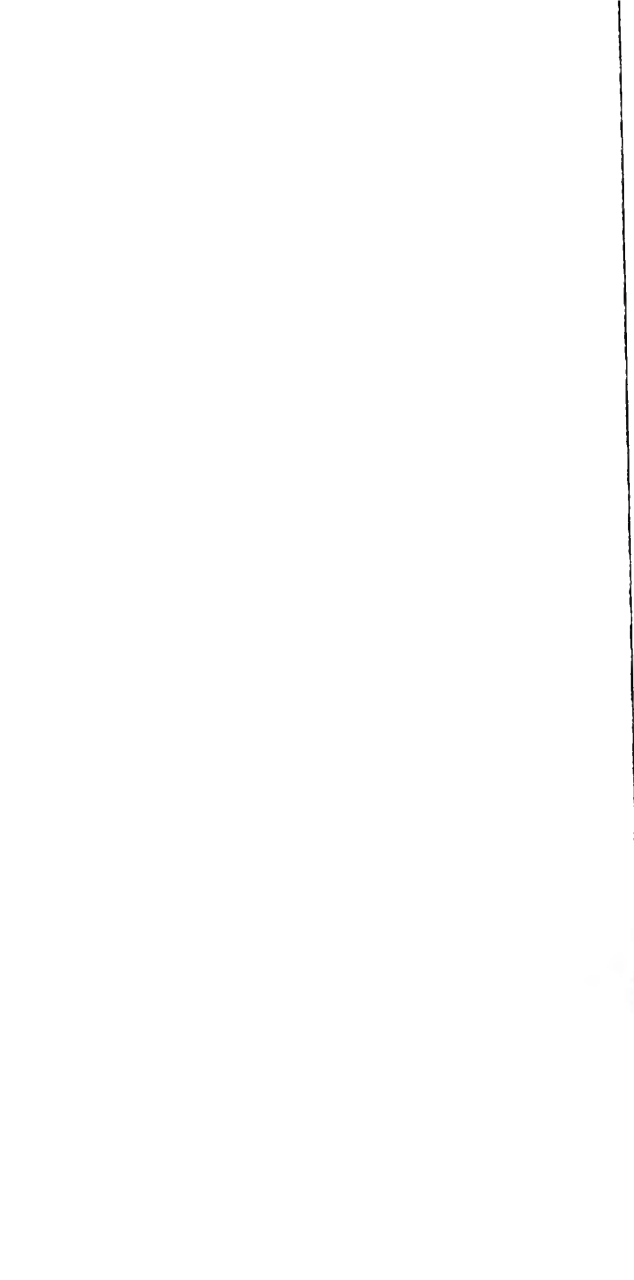
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—— Tota merum sal. *Lucr. iv. 115C.*

—————
OXFORD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MUNDAY AND SLATTER,
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1821.



PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

THE plan of the following Miscellany may justly be considered as entirely new. Our design was to form a collection of such small, but valuable poetical pieces, written by gentlemen of Oxford, as never before appeared together; and which, being hitherto published separately, or, as it were, by accident, would otherwise have been overlooked and forgotten, partly for want of length, and partly from their manner of publication. Amongst these are interspersed several pieces of the greatest merit, never before printed. This stock of materials, which all will allow to be *highly seasoned*, thus carefully selected, and happily blended, we have ventured, with some degree of propriety, to present to the public, under the name of the *Oxford Sausage*.

Our principal aim has been to collect poems of humour and burlesque; and our *Sausage*, we presume, will not only gratify the palate, but, if the old and approved proverb, “laugh and be fat,” be true, will at the same time

contribute to make our readers *thrive*. All such persons, therefore, as are grown thin by too much study, fasting, and low spirits, if they would improve their constitution, and mend their habit, are hereby invited to partake of this cheap, delicious, and salutary *morsel*. As to readers of a more genial complexion, and a more joyous disposition, we need not doubt of being favoured with their company. In the mean time it is declared, that we do not mean by our title to exclude any particular sect or denomination of people; for Jews, as well as Christians, may feed on our *Sausage* without hurting their consciences.

In order to render the following Miscellany complete, no pains have been spared in procuring pieces, and no resources have been left unexplored. That nothing might escape us, we have even examined the indefatigable Dr. Rawlinson's voluminous collection of manuscripts presented to the Bodleian Library, but, we must acknowledge, without success; as not one poignant ingredient was to be found in all that immense heap of rare and invaluable *originals*. Indeed, our chief assistance has been from some curious and ingenious members of the University of Oxford, who have made it their business to preserve such fugitive pieces as were best adapted to this design.

Many conjectures, we apprehend, will be formed concerning the collector of this work.—Some will probably suspect him to be that whimsical genius who compiled the *Companion to the Guide*; while others will, perhaps, guess him to be the same with the well-bred and humourous writer of the *Terræ Filius*; but these sagacious investigators will have found out nothing, even if they should succeed thus far in their conjectures, as most unluckily the author of those pieces will never be known.

It may be proper in this place to advertise our readers, that great part of the first edition of this work was printed off when we were so unfortunate as to lose the facetious Mr. Benjamin Tyrrell, cook, in the High-street, Oxford; but it is hoped that Ben's *cookery*, which makes no inconsiderable figure in this work, will still continue to be *relished* by all readers of true *taste*.

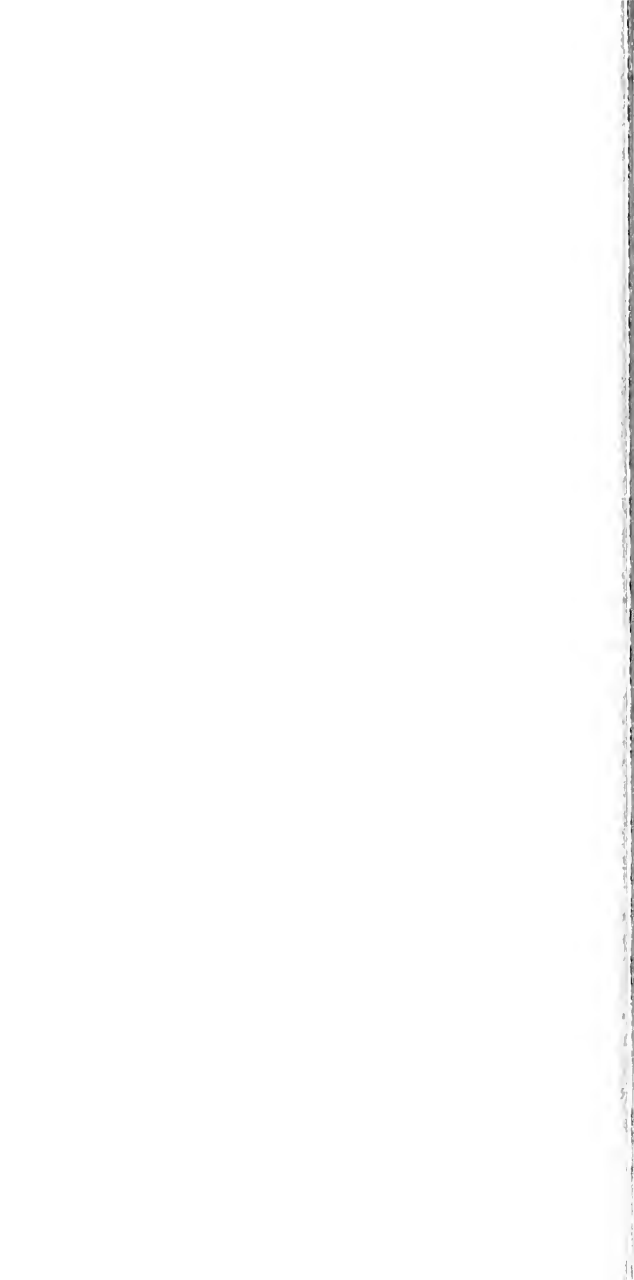


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VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

BEN TYRRELL's MUTTON PIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALL ye that love what's *nice* and *rarish*,
At *Oxford*, in *St. Mary's* parish,
BEN TYRRELL, cook of high renown,
To please the palates of the *Gown*,
At three-pence each makes MUTTON PIES,
Which thus he begs to advertise:—
He welcomes all his friends at *seven*,
Each *Saturday* and *Wedn'sday* even.*
No relics stale, with art unjust,
Lurk in disguise beneath his *crust*;
His pies, to give you all fair play,
Smoak only when 'tis *market-day*:
And all must own, how *fresh* his meat,
While JOLLY's† Porter crowns the treat.

If *rumps* and *kidneys* can allure ye,
BEN takes upon him to assure ye,

* Mr. TYRRELL, cook, in the High Street, Oxford, having formed a laudable design of obliging the University with Mutton Pies twice a week, this advertisement appeared on that occasion in the OXFORD JOURNAL, Nov. 25, 1758.

† CAPTAIN JOLLY, who, *pro bono publico*, first reduced the price of Porter in Oxford, from 6d. to 4d. a quart.

No cook shall better hit the taste
 In giving life and soul to PASTE.
 If *cheap* and *good* have weight with men,
 Come, all ye youths, and sup with BEN.
 If *liquor* in a MUTTON PIE
 Has any charms, come taste and try!
 O bear me witness, *Isis*' sons!
 Pierce but the crust, the *gravy* runs:—
 The taster licks his lips, and cries,
 "O RARE BEN TYRRELL'S MUTTON PIES!"

But hold—no more—I've said enough—
 Or else my PIES may prove a PUFF.

BEN TYRRELL'S,

Wednesday Night, December the 6th, 1758.

How I congratulate fair *Isis*,
 That such the taste for MUTTON PIES is!
 Hail, glorious BEN! whose genius high
 First plann'd a genuine MUTTON PIE!
 Born to combine, with matchless taste,
 The charms of PEPPER and of PASTE!
 Was but the motion of my pen
 Quick as thy *rolling-pin*, O BEN!
 Oh! could my thoughts thy pastry ape,
 And slide, like yielding dough, to shape;

My genius, like thy oven glow,
 My numbers, like thy gravy flow;
 Or, in the twinkling of an eye,
 I *cook* an ODE—as you a PIE;
 O then (nor think, to mock thy trade,
 My promises of *pie-crust* made)
 I'd raise thy culinary fame
 Above immortal SPREADBURY'S name;
 Though from all cooks, a matron wise,
 In SAUSAGES she bore the prize;
 Her *seasoning* hand should yield to thine,
 Thy MUTTON should her PORK outshine.

Nor shall the muse esteem it folly
 To blend with thine the praise of JOLLY;
 Thy lov'd compeer! congenial friend!
 Who mild, when evening shades descend,
 Imparts the froth-crown'd PORTER'S aid,
 To smooth the serious brow of trade:
 Both shall together mount the skies,
 The PORTER his—but thine the PIES.

Thine is the house, dear BEN, to call at,
 Or for the *pocket*, or the *palate*;
 For thee, the citizen and cit
 Their cold boil'd beef and carrots quit;
 Grave aldermen, ambitious, share
 In *alma mater's* classic fare;
 The blooming toasts of *Oxford* town
 Catch the contagion of the *Gown*,
 And wish the wonted ev'ning nigh,
 To have a *finger in the pie*.

As so *enticing* TYRRELL'S house is,
 Send not too *late* ye pregnant spouses!
 Think of the midwife's vast surprise,
 To see boys *mark'd* with MUTTON PIES!
 If this the universal taste is
 What will become of *ven'son pasties*?
 What of the *cates*, which many a maiden,
 For the next *Christmas* cheer has laid in?
 Sure all with BEN will sup and dine,
 And leave their CHRISTMAS PIES for THINE.

ΠΙΟΦΙΛΟΣ.

EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED

By a supposed extraordinary Phaenomenon in Midwifery.

I.

SAGE WOODS! though many a dark affair
 Be known to thy discerning eyes;
 E'en you, with all your skill, must stare
 "To see boys *mark'd* with MUTTON PIES!"

II.

What if our *wives*, with equal glee,
 In thought a SAUSAGE should enjoy;
 Say, would you wonder much, to see
 The MOTHER'S LONGINGS mark the boy?

ON

BEN TYRRELL'S PIES.



LET *Christmas* boast her customary treat,
 A mixture strange, of suet, currants, meat,
 Where various tastes combine, the greasy and the }
 sweet;

Let glad *Shrove Tuesday* bring the PANCAKE thin,
 Or FRITTER rich, with apples stor'd within;
 On *Easter Sunday* be the PUDDING seen,
 To which the TANSEY lends her sober green;
 And when great *London* hails her annual *Lord*,
 Let quiv'ring CUSTARD crown the *aldermanic* board.

But BEN prepares a more delicious mess,
 Substantial fare, a breakfast for Queen *Bess*:
 What dainty epicure, or greedy glutton,
 Would not prefer his PIE, that's made of MUTTON?

Each different country boasts a diff'rent taste,
 And owes it's fame to PUDDING and to PASTE:
 SQUAB PIE in *Cornwall* only can they make,
 In *Norfolk* DUMPLING, and in *Salop* CAKE;
 But *Oxford* now from all shall bear the prize,
 Fam'd, as for SAUSAGES, for MUTTON PIES.

MUTTON PIES FOR THE ASSIZES.

March 1, 1760.

BEHOLD, once more, facetious BEN
 Steps from his PASTE—to take the PEN;
 And as the *trumpets*, shrill and loud,
 Precede the sheriff's *javelin'd* crowd,
 So BEN before-hand advertises
 His snug-laid scheme for the *Assizes*.
 Each of the evenings, BEN proposes
 With PIES so nice to *smoak* your noses;
 No cost, as heretofore, he grudges,
 He'll stand the test of able JUDGES;
 And think, that when the *hall* is up,
 How cheap a JURYMAN may *sup*!
 For LAWYERS' CLERKS, in wigs so smart,
 A tight warm room is set apart.
 My MASTERS eke, might BEN advise ye,
 Detain'd too long at *nizey prizey*,
 Your college commons lost at *six*,—
 At BEN'S the *jovial* evening *fix*;
 From **tripe*-indentures, stale and dry,
 Escap'd to PORTER and a PIE.
 Hither, if ye have any taste,
 Ye BOOTED EVIDENCES, haste!
 Ye LASSES too, both tall and slim,
 In *riding-habits* dress'd so trim,

* It is supposed BEN means *tripartite*.

Who, usher'd by some *young attorney*,
 Take, each Assize, an *Oxford journey*:
 All, who *subpœna'd* on th' occasion,
 Require *genteel* accommodation,
 Oh! haste to BEN'S, and *save your fines*
 You'd pay at houses deck'd with *signs*!
 Lo I, a cook of taste and knowledge,
 And bred the *coquus* of a *college*,
 Having long known the STUDENT'S bounty,
 Now dare to *eater* for the COUNTY.

Come then, of BEN, O come, and buy all—
 As 'tis Assize-time, he'll stand *trial*;
 His *cause* success will surely crown,
 His *witnesses*—are ALL the GOWN.

These five Pieces are all that appeared on this subject.

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG

By a Gentleman who had just left off his Bob.

ALL hail, ye CURLS, that rang'd in rev'rend row,
 With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
 That fall *beneath* in venerable flow,
 And crown my brows *above* with *feathery* pride!

High on your summit, *wisdom's* minnick'd air

Sits thron'd with *predantry*, her solemn sire,
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair,

Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.
O'er every lock, that floats in full display,

Sage *ignorance* her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,

Unmeaning *gravity's* serene repose.

Can thus *large wigs* our reverence engage?

Have *barbers* thus the pow'r to blind our eyes?

Is science thus conferr'd on every sage,

By BAYLIS, BLENKINSOP, and lofty WISE?*

But thou farewell, my BOB! whose thin-wove *thatch*,

Was stor'd with *quips* and *cranks*, and *wanton wiles*,
That *love to live* within the one-curl'd *scratch*,

With *fun*, and all the family of *smiles*.

Safe in thy *privilege*, near *Isis'* brook,

Whole afternoons at *Wolvercote* I quaff'd;

At eve my careless round in *High Street* took,

And call'd at JOLLY's for the *casual* draught.

No more the *wherry* feels my stroke so true;

At *skittles* in a *grizzle*, can I play!

Woodstock, farewell! and *Wallingford*, adieu!

Where many a *scheme* reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once HILARIO crown'd,

Ere grave *preferment* came my peace to rob;

Such are the less ambitious pleasures found

Beneath the *liceat* of an humble BOB.

* Eminent Peruke Makers in Oxford.

EPISTLE

FROM

THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY,

TO THE

*Author of the Companion to the Oxford Guide, &c.**

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
 Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds
 Of lonesome *Osney*! What malignant fiend
 Thy cloyster-loving mind from ancient lore
 Hath base seduc'd? Urg'd thy apostate pen
 To trench deep wounds on *antiquaries* sage,
 And drag the venerable fathers forth,
 Victims to laughter! Cruel as the mandate
 Of mitred priests, who BASKETT late enjoind
 To throw aside the reverend letters *black*,
 And print *Fast Prayers* in *modern* type!—At this
Leland,† and *Willis*, *Dugdale*, *Tanner*, *Wood*,
 Illustrious names! with *Camden*, *Aubrey*, *Lloyd*,
 Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd
 To seal thee for their own, and fondly deem'd
 The muses, at thy call, would crowding come
 To deck *antiquity* with flow'rets gay.

* Mr. Thomas Warton, of Trinity College.

† Names of eminent Antiquaries.

But now may curses every search attend
 That seems inviting ! may'st thou pore in vain
 For dubious door-ways ! may revengeful moths
 Thy ledgers eat ! may chronologic spouts
 Retain no cypher legible ! may crypts
 Lark undiscerned ! nor may'st thou spell the names
 Of saints in storied windows ! nor the dates
 Of bells discover ! nor the genuine site
 Of abbots' pantries ! and may *Godstowe* veil,
 Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms !

THE
 PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

Written in the Year 1746.

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college ;
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At *Oxford* bred—in *ANNA*'s reign ;
 And thus, in form of humble suitor,
 Bowing, accosts a reverend tutor :—

“ Sir, I'm a *Glo'stershire* divine,
 “ And this my eldest son of nine ;
 “ My wife's ambition, and my own,
 “ Was that *this* child should wear a gown ;

" I'll warrant that his good behav'our
 " Will justify your future favour ;
 " And for his parts, to tell the truth,
 " My son's a very forward youth ;
 " Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
 " And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder,
 " If you'd examine—and admit him,
 " A scholarship would nicely fit him :
 " That he succeeds 'tis ten to one ;
 " Your vote and interest, sir !—'tis done."

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
 Are with a scholarship completed :
 A scholarship but half maintains,
 And college rules are heavy chains :
 In garret dark he smokes and puns,
 A prey to discipline and duns ;
 And now, intent on new designs,
 Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
 That utmost wish is crown'd at last ;
 But the rich prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot :
 " These fellowships are pretty things,
 " We live, indeed, like petty kings ;
 " But who can bear to waste his whole age
 " Amid the dullness of a college,
 " Debarr'd the common joys of life,
 " And that prime bliss—a loving wife ?
 " Oh ! what's a table richly spread
 " Without a woman at its head !

“ Would some snug benefice but fall,
 “ Ye feasts, ye dinners, farewell all !
 “ To offices I’d bid adieu,
 “ Of *dean*, *vice-præs.*—of *bursar* too ;
 “ Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
 “ Come tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !”

Too fond of liberty and ease
 A patron’s vanity to please,
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,
 Each frail incumbent’s doubtful health ;
 At length—and in his fortieth year,
 A living drops—two hundred clear !
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession.
 With rapture views the sweet retreat—
 “ What a convenient house ! how neat !
 “ For fuel here’s sufficient wood ;
 “ Pray God the cellars may be good !
 “ The garden—that must be new plann’d—
 “ Shall these old-fashion’d yew trees stand ‘
 “ O’er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 “ The flow’ry shrub of thousand dies :
 “ Yon wall that feels the southern ray
 “ Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
 “ While thick beneath its aspect warm
 “ O’er well-rang’d hives the bees shall swarm ;
 “ From which, ere long, of golden gleam
 “ Metheglin’s luscious juice shall stream :
 “ This aukward hut, o’er-grown with ivy,
 “ We’ll alter to a modern privy :

“ Up yon green slope of hazels trim,
 “ An avenue, so cool and dim,
 “ Shall to an harbour at the end,
 “ In spite of gout, entice a friend.
 “ My predecessor lov’d devotion—
 “ But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
 He now commences country parson.
 To make his character entire,
 He weds—a cousin of the 'squire ;
 Not over weighty in the purse,
 But many doctors have done worse :
 And though she boasts no charms divine,
 Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fix'd, content he taps his barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
 Finds his church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good liquor and good learning ;
 With tythes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his surplice fees ;
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the *state*—of pews ;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
 To share the monthly club's carousing ;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;
 Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
 The earliest melon of the year ;

Thinks alteration charming work is,
 Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
 By cares domestic is oppress;
 And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
 Threaten inevitable ruin:
 For children fresh expences yet,
 And *Dicky* now for school is fit.
 "Why did I sell my college life
 " (He cries) for benefice and wife?
 "Return, ye days! when endless pleasure
 "I found in reading, or in leisure!
 "When calm around the Common Room*
 "I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
 "Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
 "At annual bottlings, corks selected:
 "And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
 "The portrait of our pious founder!
 "When *impositions*† were supply'd
 "To light my pipe—or sooth my pride!
 "No cares were then for forward peas,
 "A yearly-longing wife to please;
 "My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
 "No children cry'd for butter'd toast;
 "And every night I went to bed
 "Without a *modus* in my head!"

* The room in which the Fellows of Colleges meet to take wine and to hold converse.

† Collegiate tasks.

Oh! trifling head and fickle heart!
 Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
 A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
 And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd!
 Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
 And in pursuit alone it pleases.

AN

EVENING CONTEMPLATION

IN A COLLEGE.

Being a Parody on Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
 With jarring sound the porter turns the key;
 Then in his dreary mansion slumb'ring waits,
 And slowly, sternly quits it—though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
 And through the cloister peace and silence reign,
 Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,
 Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain:

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
 Where lies a student in profound repose,
 Oppress'd with ale, wide-echoes through the gloom
 The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimm'ring shade
 Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
 The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
 The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
 The calls of business, and domestic cares,
 Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring females crowd their social fire,
 No dread have they of discord and of strife;
 Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls,
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight:
 How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
 How smoke the outlets on their crowded plates!

O let not temperance too disdainful hear
 How long our feasts, how long our dinners last;
 Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
 On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
 (Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan)
 Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace:
 These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
 If these no feats of gaiety display,
 Where through proud *Ranelagh's* wide-echoing vault
 Melodious FRASI trills her quav'ring lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band,
 Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown,
 Can *Dresden* laces shade a churchman's hand,
 Or learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring walls reside
 Some who were once the darlings of the fair;
 Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
 Controul the manager and awe the player.

But science now has fill'd their vacant mind
 With *Rome's* rich spoils and truth's exalted views;
 Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
 And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high tow'ring to the sky,
 Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
 Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
 With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future HERRING, that with dauntless breast
 Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose;
 Some mute, some thoughtless HARDWICKE here
 may rest,
 Some PELHAM, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
 'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
 To shield Britannia's and religion's laws,
 And steer with steady course the helm of state.

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
 Forbids in freedom's veil t' insult the throne,
 Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs.

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
 With pensions, taxes, marriages, and jews ;
 Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
 And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
 Their wishes yet have never learnt to stray ;
 Content and happy in a single life,
 They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

E'en now their books from cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by doors of glass, in Doric style,
 On fluted pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,
 They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the authors' names, though richly bound,
 Mis-spelt by blund'ring binders' want of care ;
 And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
 To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
 Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ;
 Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
 And on those cases cast a ling'ring look ?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
 Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require ;
 For songs and plays the voice of beauty cries,
 And sense and nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
 Dost in their lines their artless tales relate,
 If chance, with prying search, in future years,
 Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate.

- Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
 And say, ‘ Each morn, unchill’d by frosts, he ran
 ‘ With hose uugarter’d, o’er yon turfy bed,
 ‘ To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.
- ‘ There in the arms of that lethargic chair,
 ‘ Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
 ‘ At noon he quaff’d three glasses to the fair,
 ‘ And por’d upon the news with curious eye.
- ‘ Now by the fire, engag’d in serious talk,
 ‘ Or mirthful converse, would he loit’ring stand;
 ‘ Then in the garden chuse a sunny walk,
 ‘ Or launch the polish’d bowl with steady hand.
- ‘ One morn we miss’d him at the hour of pray’r,
 ‘ Beside the fire, and on his fav’rite green;
 ‘ Another came, nor yet within the chair,
 ‘ Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he seen.
- ‘ The next we heard that in a neighb’ring shire,
 ‘ That day to church he led a blushing bride;
 ‘ A nymph, whose snowy vest and maiden fear
 ‘ Improv’d her beauty while the knot was ty’d.
- ‘ Now by his patron’s bounteous care remov’d,
 ‘ He roves enraptur’d through the fields of Kent;
 ‘ Yet ever mindful of the place he lov’d,
 ‘ Read here the letter which he lately sent.’

THE LETTER.

- “ In rural innocence secure I dwell,
 “ Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
 “ Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
 “ And social quiet marks me for her own.

- " Next to the blessings of religious truth,
 " Two gifts my endless gratitude engage ;
 " A wife, the joy and transport of my youth,
 " Now, with a son, the comfort of my age.

 " Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
 " In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;
 " Content with calm, domestic life, where meet
 " The smiles of friendship, and the sweets of love."
-

THE

PHAETON AND THE ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

AT *Blagrove's*,* once upon a time,
 There stood a PHAETON sublime ;
 Unsullied by the dusty road,
 Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd ;
 Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
 Its harness tight, its lining new ;
 No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
 Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
 But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
 And whirl o'er *Campfield's*† tempting plains.
 Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
 A ONE-HORSE CHAIR had took its stand ;
 When thus our vehicle begun
 To sneer the luckless *chaise and one*:—

* Well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763.

† In the Road to *Blenheim*, now enclosed.

“ How could my master place me here
 Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
 From classic ground pray shift thy station,
 Thou scorn of *Oxford* education;
 Your homely make, believe me, man,
 Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
 And you, and all your clumsy kind,
 For lowest purposes design’d:
 Fit only, with a one-eyed mare,
 To drag, for benefit of air,
 The country parson’s pregnant wife,
 Thou friend of dull *domestic* life!
 Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
 To carry *Dicky* on a stool:
 Or, haply to some christ’ning gay,
 A brace of godmothers convey:
 Or, when blest *Saturday* prepares
 For *London* tradesmen rest from cares,
 ’Tis thine to make them happy one day,
 Companion of their genial *Sunday*!
 ’Tis thine, o’er turnpikes newly made,
 When timely show’rs the dust have laid,
 To bear some alderman serene
 To *fragrant* Hampstead’s *sylvan* scene.
 Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
 Among the polish’d sons of *Isis*.
 Hir’d for a solitary crown,
 Can’st thou to *schemes* invite the gown?
 Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
 With hat new cock’d, and newly lac’d,
 O’er mutton chops, and scanty wine,
 At humble *Dorchester* to dine!

Meantime remember, lifeless drone !
 I carry *bucks* and *bloods* alone.
 And oh ! whene'er the weather's friendly,
 What inn at *Abingdon* or *Henley*,
 But still my vast importance feels,
 And gladly greets my entering wheels.
 And think, obedient to the thong,
 How yon gay street we smoak along :
 While all with envious wonder view
 The corner turn'd so *quick* and *true*."

To check an upstart's empty pride,
 Thus sage the ONE-HORSE CHAIR reply'd :--

" Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
 What's all your spirit and parade ?
 From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
 To broken bones and *impositions* !
 Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
 Your *schemes* make work for GLASS and NOURSE.*
 On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
 From *one-horse chairs* men rise to *coaches* ;
 If calm Discretion's stedfast hand
 With cautious skill the reins command.
 From me fair *health's* fresh fountain springs,
 O'er me soft *snugness* spreads her wings :
 And *innocence* reflects her ray
 To gild my calm sequester'd way :
 Even kings might quit their state to share
 Contentment and a *one-horse chair*.—

* Eminent Surgeons in Oxford.

What though, o'er yonder echoing street
 Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
 Shall *Isis'* sons thus vainly prize
 A RATTLE of a larger size?"

BLAGRAVE, who during the dispute
 Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
 Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse,
 To hear his carriages converse,
 With solemn face, o'er *Oxford* ale,
 To me disclos'd this wond'rous tale :
 I strait despatch'd it to the muse,
 Who brush'd it up for JACKSON'S NEWS,*
 And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
 Added this moral at the close :

" Things may be useful though obscure ;
 " The pace that's slow is often sure :
 " When empty pageantries we prize,
 " We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
 " The GOLDEN MEAN can best bestow
 " *Safety* for unsubstantial *show*."

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

" ———— Sing, heavenly Muse,
 Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
 A *shilling*, *breeches*, and *chimeras* dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse, retains
 A SPLENDID SHILLING : he nor hears with pain

* Jackson's Oxford Journal, where this Fable first appeared.

New oysters try'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall* repairs:
 Where mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 CHLOE or PHILLIS, he each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or *pun* ambiguous, or *conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain;
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale *mundungus*, ill-perfuming scent;
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from CADWALLADER and ARTHUR, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* cheese,
 High over-shadowing, rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at the *Arvonian* mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient town
 Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

* Two noted Ale-Houses in Oxford, 1700.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a *dun*,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aërial citadel ascends ;
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole ; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! his faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forbode ; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men !) behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A *catchpole*, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 Erst have endu'd ; if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In durance strict detain him, 'till in form

Of money, PALLAS sets the captive free.—
 Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.—
 So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelope, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk

Of loving friend delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale
 In vain ; awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasing phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature ; *john-apple*, nor the downy *peach* ;
 Nor *walnut* in rough-furrow'd coat secure ;
 Nor *medlar*-fruit, delicious in decay :
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 My *galligaskins*, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and incroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship

Long sail'd secure, or through th' *Ægean* deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, 'till cruising near
 The *Lilybean* shore, with hideous crash
 (On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* dang'rous rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears;
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 pray:
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
 Implacable, 'till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

A PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

By *T. Warton*.

————— Mea nec Falernæ
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 Pocula colles.

Hor.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail juice benignant! o'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
 While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs

Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
 A calm lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
 Or cheerful candle, (save the make-weight's gleam
 Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing ALE
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
 Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I meditate,
 While ALE inspires, and lends its kindred aid
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet helicon of logic! but if friends
 Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
 To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
 Where, ALE, thy votaries in full resort
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak and antique mould,
 That long has stood the rage of conqu'ring years
 Inviolatè, (nor in more ample chair
 Smokes rosy justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
 In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
 Studious of ease, and provident, I place
 My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup,

And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy :
 While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
 In innocent delight, amusive *put*
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play,
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews.
 Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear :
 While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
 In snowy characters and graceful row.—

Hail, TICKING ! surest guardian of distress !
 Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
 The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New oysters cry'd : though much the poet's friend,
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
 Accept this tribute of poetic praise !

Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
 Of pot-house snug to visit ; wiser he
 The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
 Of JAMES or JUGGINS, where the grateful breath
 Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm ;
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ALE :
 In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys ;
 Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess !

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
 All-pow'rful ALE ! whose sorrow-soothing sweets

Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
 When tatter'd stockings crave my mending hand,
 Not unexperienc'd ; while the tedious toil
 Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
 Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
 Companion meet of languor-loving nymph :
 Be mine each morn with eager appetite
 And hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly buttery ; there on smoaking crust
 And foaming ALE to banquet unrestrain'd,
 Material breakfast ! Thus in ancient days
 Our ancestors robust, with lib'ral cups
 Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
 Of modern times : nor ever had the might
 Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
 With British ALE improving British worth.

With ALE irriuous, undismay'd I hear
 The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
 Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
 Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear ;
 Or barber spruce with supple look intrude ;
 Or tailor with obsequious bow advance ;
 Or groom invade me with defying front
 And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
 (Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
 Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
 Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
 In vain they plead or threat : all-powerful ALE
 Excuses new supplies, and each descends
 With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks :
 E'en SPACEY with indignant brow retires,
 Fiercest of duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
 On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
 So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall !
 Thus, while improvident of future ill,
 I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroul'd,
 And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss ;
 Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
 The un pitying bursar's cross-affixing hand *
 Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
 Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
 A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies ;
 Nor SHEPPARD, barb'rous matron, longer gives
 The wonted trust, and WINTER ticks no more.—
 Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
 Of *Eden* griev'd, no more in fragrant bower
 On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
 No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot ;
 But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
 And unrejoicing solitudes to trace :
 Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
 The SPLENDID SHILLING's praise, in nightly gloom
 Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful ALE ;
 Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
 Mean follower : like him with honest love
 Of ALE divine inspir'd, and love of song.
 But long may bounteous heav'n with watchful care
 Avert his hapless lot ! enough for me,
 That, burning with congenial flame, I dar'd
 His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
 And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

* When a cross is placed to a collegian's name, he can procure nothing from the Buttery.

ODE TO HORROR,

IN THE

*Allegoric, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantastic,
Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our*

MODERN ODE-WRITERS & MONODY-MONGERS.

———— Ferreus ingruit Horror.

VIR.



O GODDESS of the gloomy scene,
Of shadowy shapes thou black-brow'd queen;
Thy tresses dark, with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring abbey found;
Oft wont from charnels, damp and dim,
To call the sheeted spectre grim;
While, as his loose chains loudly clink,
Thou add'st a length to every link:
O thou, that lov'st at eve to seek
The pensive-pacing pilgrim meek,
And sett'st before his mouldering eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant-size,
As wildly works thy wizzard will,
'Till fear-struck fancy has her fill:
Dark pow'r, whose magic night prevails
O'er hermit rocks and fairy vales;
O goddess, erst by SPENCER* view'd,
What time th' enchanter vile embrau'd
His hands in FLORIMEL'S pure heart,
'Till loos'd by steel-clad BRITOMART:

* SPENCER'S Fairy Queen, book iii. canto 12.

O thou that erst on fancy's wing
 Didst terror-trembling TASSO * bring,
 To groves where kept damn'd furies dire
 Their blue-tipt battlements of fire ;
 Thou that through many a darksome pine,
 O'er the rugged rock recline,
 Didst wake the hollow-whisp'ring breeze
 With care-consumed ELOISE :
 O thou, with whom in cheerless cell,
 The midnight clock pale pris'ners tell ;
 O haste thee, mild *Miltonic* maid,
 From yonder yew's sequester'd shade ;
 More bright than all the fabled nine,
 Teach me to breathe the solemn line !
 O bid my well-rang'd numbers rise,
 Pervious to none but *attic* eyes ;
 O give the strain that madness moves,
 'Till every starting sense approves !

What felt the *Gallic*† traveller,
 When far in *Arab*-desert drear,
 He found within the catacomb,
 Alive, the terrors of a tomb ?
 While many a mummy through the shade,
 In hieroglyphic style array'd,
 Seem'd to uprear the mystic head,
 And trace the gloom with ghostly tread ;
 Thou heard'st him pour the stifled groan,
 HORROR ! his soul was all thy own !

* Gierus. *Liberat.* b. xiv.

† I do not remember that any poetical use has been made of this story.

O mother of the fire-clad thought,
 O haste thee from thy grave-like grot !
 (What time the witch perform'd the rite)
 Sprung from th' embrace of TASTE and NIGHT !
 O queen ! that erst didst thinly spread
 The willowy leaves o'er Isis'* head,
 And to her meek mein didst dispense
 Woe's most awful negligence ;
 What time, in cave, with visage pale,
 She told her elegiac tale :
 O thou ! whom wand'ring WARTON saw,
 Amaz'd with more than youthful awe,
 As by the pale moon's glimm'ring gleam
 He mus'd his *melancholy* theme ; †
 O curfew-loving goddess, haste !
 O waft me to some SCYTHIAN waste,
 Where, in *gothic* solitude,
 'Mid prospects most sublimely rude,
 Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chasm,
 Thy sister sits, ENTHUSIASM :
 Let me with her in magic trance,
 Hold most delirious dalliance ;
 'Till I, thy pensive votary,
 HORROR, look madly wild like thee ;
 Until I gain true transport's shore,
 And life's retiring scene is o'er ;
 Aspire to some more azure sky,
 Remote from dim mortality ;
 At length recline the fainting head,
 In druid-dreams dissolv'd and dead.

* See ISIS, an elegy.

† See the PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY, a poem.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

In Imitation of six several Authors.

BY HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

I.

A NEW YEAR's ODE.

IN IMITATION OF COLLEY CIBBER.

RECITATIVO.

OLD battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-rob'd peace again lifts up her head,
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
TOBACCO tempers PHŒBUS' ire,
When wintry storms around us beat,
TOBACCO cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy sweets;
Old OCEAN trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal ! he who knows
 Pleasure which a PIPE bestows ;
 Curling eddies climb the room,
 Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
 While wastes of war deform the teeming coast,
 BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,
 Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd ;
 E'en restless faction finds itself most free,
 Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run
 Round the zodiac with the sun,
 Tell, if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene.
 BRITISH sons no longer now
 Hurl the bar or twang the bow,
 Nor of crimson combat think,
 But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years that gaily run
 Round the zodiac with the sun,
 Tell, if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene.

II.

IMITATION OF MR. A. PHILLIPS.

Little tube of mighty pow'r,
 Charmer of an idle hour,
 Object of my warm desire,
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire ;
 And thy snowy taper waist,
 With my finger gently brae'd ;
 And thy pretty swelling crest,
 With my little stopper prest ;
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses ;
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who when agen the night returns,
 When agen the taper burns,
 When agen the cricket's gay,
 (Little cricket, full of play)
 Can afford his tube to feed
 With the fragrant INDIAN weed :
 Pleasure for a nose divine,
 Incense of the god of wine.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy men.

III.

IMITATION OF MR. THOMSON.

O THOU, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
 TOBACCO, fountain pure of limpid truth,
 That looks the very soul ; whence pouring thought

Swarms all the mind ; absorpt is yellow care,
 And at each puff imagination burns :
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise,
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
 From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
 Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
 Each parent ray ; then rudely ramm'd illume
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
 Mark'd with GIBSONIAN lore ; forth issue clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
 And many-mining fires : I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
 But chief, when BACCHUS, wont with thee to join,
 In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
 Stream life and joy into the muse's bowl,
 Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou
 My muse ; oh fan me with thy zephyr's boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

IV.

IMITATION OF DR. YOUNG.

CRITICS avaunt ; TOBACCO is my theme ;
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
 Its light, nor buz within the scorching sphere.
 POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
 So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.

Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
 Lord FOPLIN smokes not—for his teeth afraid;
 Sir TAWDRY smokes not—for he wears brocade.
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;
 But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
 Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
 Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he
 Who scorns the leaf of knowledge love the tree?
 The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
 Rails at TOBACCO, though it makes him—spit.
 CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink;
 She will not smoke, (ye gods!) but she will drink:
 And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
 Says, pipes are used by that vile creature man:
 Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
 While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—every thing.

V.

IMITATION OF MR. POPE.

BLEST leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA'S shrine,
 Drank inspiration from the stream divine.
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
 The last kind refuge of the wise and good.

Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
 By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
 What though to love and soft delights a foe,
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

VI.

IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

BOY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN'S best,
 And bid the vicar be my guest:
 Let all be plac'd in manner due,
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,
 And London Journal, and Free Briton,
 Of use to light a pipe, or * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

This village, unmolested yet
 By troopers, shall be my retreat:
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
 Who cannot write or vote for pay.
 Far from the vermin of the town,
 Here let me rather live, my own,
 Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land,

Of all which at Vienna passes,
 As ignorant as * * * brass is :
 And scorning rascals to caress,
 Extol the days of good Queen BESS,
 When first TOBACCO blest our isle,
 Then think of other Queens—and smile.

Come, jovial pipe, and bring along
 Midnight revelry and song;
 The merry catch, the madrigal,
 That echoes sweet in city hall ;
 The parson's pun, the smutty tale
 Of country justice o'er his ale.
 I ask not what the French are doing,
 Or Spain, to compass Britain's ruin :
 Britons, if undone, can go
 Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

THE
 PLEASURE OF BEING OUT OF DEBT.

Horace, Ode XXII. Book I. imitated.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c.

I.

THE man who not a farthing owes,
 Looks down with scornful eye on those
 Who rise by fraud and cunning ;
 Though in the *Pig-Market* he stand
 With aspect grave and clear-starch'd band,
 He fears no tradesman's dunning.

II.

He passes by each shop in town,
 Nor hides his face beneath his gown,
 No dread his heart invading;
 He quaffs the nectar of the *Tuns*,
 Or on a spur-gall'd hackney runs
 To London masquerading.

III.

What joy attends a new-paid debt!
 Our manciple I lately met,
 Of visage wise and prudent;
 I on the nail my battels paid,
 The monster turn'd away dismay'd.
 Hear this, each *Oxford* student!

IV.

With justice and with truth to trace
 The grisly features of his face,
 Exceeds all man's recounting;
 Suffice, he look'd as grim and sour
 As any lion in the Tower,
 Or half-starv'd cat-a-mountain.

V.

A phiz so grim you scarce can meet
 In Bedlam, Newgate, or the Fleet,
 Dry nurse of faces horrid!
 Not BUCKHORSE fierce, with many a bruise,
 Displays such complicated hues
 On his undaunted forehead.

VI.

Place me on Scotland's bleakest hill,
 Provided I can pay my bill,
 Hang ev'ry thought of sorrow ;
 There falling sleet, or frost, or rain,
 Attack a soul resolv'd, in vain :——
 It may be fair to-morrow.

VII.

To *Headington* then let me stray,
 And take *Joe Pullen's Tree* away,
 I'll ne'er complain of Phœbus ;
 But while he scorches up the grass,
 I'll fill a bumper to my lass,
 And toast her in a rebus.

ODE TO AN EAGLE, CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.

Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas,
 Cui tantum de te licuit?——

Virg.

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

Hor.

I.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud,
 Where hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in ether shroud ;—

Thou servant of almighty Jove,
 Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
 To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
 Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
 The sov'reign thund'rer's arms in air,
 And shake thy native pole!—

II.

O cruel fate! what barb'rous hand,
 What more than gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
 To check thy daring fire,
 Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
 Where discipline and dulness dwell;
 Where genius ne'er was seen to roam:
 Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
 Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
 But lurks and sneaks at home!

III.

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
 So grov'ling! once so great!
 The grief-inspired muse shall sing
 In tend'rest lays thy fate:
 What time by thee scholastic pride,
 Takes his precise, pedantic stride,
 Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care:
 The stream of love ne'er from his heart
 Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
 But stinks, and stagnates there,

IV.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
 Hold the reflecting glass,—
 That not untutor'd at thy wrong
 The passenger may pass :
 Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
 Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind ;
 Born to look downward on the ground !
 Type of the fall of Greece and Rome !
 While more than mathematic gloom
 Envelopes all around !

THE ART OF PREACHING,

A FRAGMENT.

In Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

BY THE LATE REVEREND CHRISTOPHER PITT.

— Pendent opera interrupta.

SHOULD some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw RICH, as RICH appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures, in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man ;
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg ;
 While monster crowds on monster through the piece,
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this ;

Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
 A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings ;
 Such is a sermon, where confus'dly dark,
 Join *Sharp*, *South*, *Sherlock*, *Barrow*, *Wake*, and
 Clarke,

So eggs of different parishes will run
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one ;
 So six bright chymic liquors when you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

Full licence priests and painters ever had,
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad ;
 For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin ;
 No common dauber in one piece would join
 A fox and goose,—unless upon a sign.

Some steal a page of sense from *Tillotson*,
 And then conclude divinely with their own ;
 Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
 His grace is always sure to be at top ;
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly through a mine of lead.
 With such low arts your hearers never balk,
 For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk ?
 Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
 Without my scarf in *Whiston's* draggled gown ;
 Ply at the *Chapter* and at *Child's* to read
 For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some easy subject choose, within your power,
 Or you can never hold out half an hour.

Still to your hearers all your sermons sort ;
 Who'd preach against corruption at the court ?
 Against church pow'r at visitations bawl ?
 Or talk about damnation at *Whitehall* ?
 Harangue the horse-guards on a cure of souls ?
 Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the *Rolls* ?
 Or rail at hoods and organs at *St. Paul's* ?
 Or be, like DAVID JONES, so indiscreet,
 To rave at usurers in *Lombard Street* ?

Begin with care, nor like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling style,
 "Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 "Through the *past* records of *futurity*"—
 All gape, no meaning:—the puffed orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing, for an hour.
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 'Till both are quite interpreted away :
 So frugal dames insipid water pour,
 'Till green, bohea, or coffee are no more.
 His arguments in giddy circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun :
 So the poor turnspit, as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
 Nor parts distinct, nor general scheme we find,
 But one wild shapeless monster of the mind :
 So when old bruin teems, her children fail
 Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail ;
 Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender cares
 Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.

Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
 A turn at *Paul's*, to pay your journey down ;

If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
 Lay by the little band and rusty wig:
 But yet be sure, your proper language know,
 Nor talk as born within the sound of *Bow*.
 Speak not the phrase that *Drury Lane* affords,
 Nor from '*Change Alley* steal a cant of words.
 Coachmen will criticise your style, nay further,
 Porters will bring it in for *wilful murder*;
 The dregs of the *canaille* will look askew
 To hear the language of the town from you;
 Nay, my Lord May'r, with merriment possest,
 Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the aldermen to hear the jest.

* * * * *

THE CELEBRATED SONG
 OF THE
 ALL SOULS' MALLARD.

GRIFFIN, bustard, turkey, capon,
 Let other hungry mortals gape on;
 And on the bones their stomach fall hard,
 But let all All Souls' men have their MALLARD.
 Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
 Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
 It was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.

The *Romans* once admir'd a *gander*
 More than they did their chief commander;

Because he sav'd, if some don't fool us,
 The place that's call'd from th' *head of Tolus*.
 Oh! by the blood, &c.

The poets feign Jove turn'd a swan,
 But let them prove it, if they can;
 As for our proof 'tis not at all hard,
 For it was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.
 Oh! by the blood, &c.

Therefore let us sing and dance a galliard,
 To the remembrance of the MALLARD :
 And as the MALLARD dives in pool,
 Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.
 Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
 Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
 It was a swapping, swapping MALLARD.

SONG,

In Honour of the Celebration of the Boar's Head,
 AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

I SING not of Roman or Grecian mad games,
 The Pythian, Olympic, and such like hard names;
 Your patience awhile, with submission I beg,
 I strive but to honour the feast of Coll. Reg.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

No Thracian brawls at our rites e'er prevail,
 We temper our mirth with plain sober mild ale;
 The tricks of old Circe deter us from wine;
 Though we honour a BOAR, we wont make ourselves
swine.

Derry down, &c.

Great Milo was famous for slaying his ox,
 Yet he prov'd but an ass in cleaving of blocks;
 But we had a hero for all things was fit,
 Our motto displays both his valour and wit.
 Derry down, &c.

Stout Hercules labour'd, and look'd mighty big,
 When he slew the half-starv'd Erymanthian pig;
 But we can relate such a stratagem taken,
 That the stoutest of BOARS could not *save his own*
bacon. Derry down, &c.

So dreadful this bristle-back'd foe did appear,
 You'd have sworn he had got the wrong *pig by the*
ear;
 But instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,
 He ramm'd in a volume, and cry'd—*Græcum est.*
 Derry down, &c.

In this gallant action such fortitude shewn is,
 As proves him no coward, nor tender Adonis;
 No armour but logic, by which we may find
 That logic's the bulwark of body and mind.
 Derry down, &c.

Ye 'squires, that fear neither hills nor rough rocks,
 And think you're full wise when you out-wit a fox;
 Enrich your poor brains, and expose them no more,
 Learn Greek, and seek glory from hunting the BOAR.
 Derry down, &c.

EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

I.

ONE day in *Christ Church* meadows walking,
 Of poetry, and such things talking,
 Says RALPH, a merry wag,
 An EPIGRAM, if right and good,
 In all its circumstances shou'd
 Be like a JELLY-BAG.

II.

Your simile, I own, is new,
 But how do'st make it out? quoth HUGH;
 Quoth RALPH, I'll tell thee, friend:
 Make it at top both wide and fit
 To hold a budget full of wit,
 And point it at the end.*

* This Epigram is printed from the original manuscript,
 preserved in the archives of the JELLY-BAG SOCIETY.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROBERT LOWTH,

In Imitation of Horace, Book II. Epistle 19.

BY THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.



'TIS said, dear Sir, no poets please the town,
 Who drink mere water, though from *Helicon*:
 For in cold blood they seldom boldly think:
 Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
 Not great APOLLO could the train inspire,
 'Till gen'rous BACCHUS help'd to fan the fire.
 Warm'd by two gods at once, they drink and write,
 Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
 HOMER, says HORACE, nods in many a place,
 But hints, he nodded oft'ner o'er the glass.
 Inspir'd with wine, old *Ennius* sung and thought
 With the same spirit that his heroes fought:
 And we from JONSON'S tavern-laws divine
 That bard was no great enemy to wine.
 'Twas from the bottle KING deriv'd his wit,—
 Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
 Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
 But leave it to the bards for better use:
 Let the grave judges too the glass forbear,
 Who never sing and dance but once a year.
 This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:

To raise their flames indulge the mellow fit,
 And lose their senses in the search of wit :
 And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
 Swear they can write, because they drink, like BEN.
 Such mimic SWIFT or PRIOR to their cost,
 For in the rash attempt the fools are lost.
 When once a genius breaks through common rules,
 He leads an herd of imitating fools.
 If POPE, the prince of poets, sick a bed,
 O'er steaming coffee bends his aching head,
 The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
 Incline those heads that never ach'd or thought.
 This must provoke his mirth, or his disdain,
 Cure his complaint,—or make him sick again.
 I too, like them, the poet's path pursue,
 And keep great FLACCUS ever in my view ;
 But in a distant view—yet what I write
 In these loose sheets, must never see the light ;
 Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
 Things that are born, and die in half an hour.

What ! you must dedicate, says sneering SPENCE,
 This year, some new performance to the prince :
 Though money is your scorn, no doubt in time,
 You hope to gain some vacant stall by rhyme ;
 Like other poets, were the truth but known,
 You too admire whatever is your own.
 These wise remarks my modesty confound,
 While the laugh rises, and the mirth goes round ;
 Vex'd at the jest, yet glad to shun a fray,
 I whisk into my coach, and drive away.

THE LOUNGER.

I RISE about nine, get to breakfast by ten,
 Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen;
 Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat;
 Then step to my neighbour's, till dinner, to chat.
 Dinner over, to *Tom's*, or to *James's* I go,
 The news of the town so impatient to know;
 While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum race,
 That talk of their modes, their ellipses, and space,
 The seat of the soul, and new systems on high,
 In holes, as abstruse as their mysteries, lie.
 From the coffee-house then I to tennis away,
 And at five I post back to my college to pray:
 I sup before eight, and secure from all duns,
 Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns*;
 Where in punch or good claret my sorrows I drown,
 And toss off a bowl "*to the best of the town*;"
 At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
 Then home to my college I stagger away;
 Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,

WHEN TUTOR TO LORD MIDDLESEX,

In Imitation of Horace, Book I. Epistle 18.

BY THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SPENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
 In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay:
 You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
 Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.

'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
 But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound :
 Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
 Rogues who expose themselves for half-a-crown ;
 And still impose on ev'ry soul they meet
 Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit :
 Who, though half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,
 Repeat their rhymes, though dinner stays for grace :
 And as their poverty their dresses fit,
 They think of course a sloven is a wit :
 But sense, a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect,
 Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step, still lower, if you condescend,
 To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend,
 That moving shade, that pendant at his ear,
 That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the peer.
 Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
 He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord ;
 And tickled to the soul at ev'ry joke,
 Like a press'd watch, repeats what t'other spoke :
 Echo to nonsense ! such a scene to hear !
 'Tis just like *Punch* and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd,
 You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
 What, is not ev'ry mortal free to speak ?
 I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck—
 And what's the question ?—if it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to *Staines*.

The wretch, reduc'd to rags, by every vice,
 Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,

The rich rogue shuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.

'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;
Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate;
I can advance the sum—'tis best for both,—
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
The dupe for ev'ry royal birth-day buys
New horses, coaches, clothes, and liveries;
Plies at the levée, and distinguish'd there,
Lives on the royal whisper for a year;
His wenches shine in brussels and brocade:
And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages, and fails,
Then to the country runs away from jails:
There ruin'd by the court he sells a vote
To the next burgess, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the steeds which once his chariot bore,
Or sweeps the town which once he *serv'd* before.

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
When good Lord MIDDLESEX is bent on rhyme,

Their humour check'd, or inclination crost,
Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost,

Unless call'd out to wench, be sure comply,
 Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by :
 For your reward you gain his love, and dine
 On the best ven'son and the best French wine :
 Nor to Lord ***** make the observation,
 How the twelve peers have answer'd their creation ;
 Nor in your wine or wrath betray your trust,
 Be silent still, and obstinately just ;
 Explore no secrets, draw no characters,
 For echo will repeat, and walls have ears ;
 Nor let a busy fool a secret know,
 A secret gripes him 'till he lets it go :
 Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
 When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Defend, dear SPENCE, the honest and the civil,
 But to cry up a rascal—that's the devil.
 Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
 At the same time protects and guards his own.
 For as with houses, 'tis with people's names,
 A shed may set a palace all in flames ;
 The fire neglected, on the cottage preys,
 But mounts at last into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know ;
 I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
 He gives his word—then all your hopes are gone :
 He gives his honour—then you're quite undone.
 His and some women's love the same are found,
 You rashly board a fire-ship and are drown'd.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
 They hate a temper diff'ring from their own.
 The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
 And formalists pronounce the witty mad :
 The sot who drinks six bottles in a place,
 Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glass.
 Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
 Comply with ev'ry humour that you can.

POPE will instruct you how to pass away
 Your time like him, and never lose a day ;
 From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
 To all mankind, as to yourself, a friend ;
 And sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
 To lead a life with morals like his own.

When to delicious PIMPERNE I retire,
 What greater bliss, my SPENCE, can I desire ?
 Contented there my easy hours I spend
 With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
 There can I live upon my income still,
 E'en though the House should pass the Quaker's Bill :
 Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
 I think myself of size to fill a stall.
 For life or wealth let heav'n my lot assign,
 A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

MORNING.

AN ODE.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

Scribimus inclusi.

Pers. Sat. I. V. 15.

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
 The fields, as with a purple robe, adorn;
 CHARWELL, thy sedgy banks and glist'ning streams
 All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn;
 Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
 And through the clover'd vale the various-lowling
 herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
 Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
 The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
 And startle from her couch the early lark;
 More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
 Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory
 drest.

The pensive poet through the green wood steals,
 Or treads the willow'd marge of murn'ring brook;
 Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
 There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
 Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
 Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
 (Inelegant to me fair nature's face)
 A blank the beauty of the morning is,
 And grief and darkness all for light and grace;
 Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
 Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
 With leaden rod, stern discipline restrains;
 Stiff pedantry, of learned pride the child,
 My roving genius binds in gothic chains:
 Nor can the cloister'd muse expand her wing,
 Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

ON MISS POLLY FOOTE'S

Unexpected Arrival at Oxford, and speedy Flight from thence.
 1758.

LONG had fair VENUS and her son
 Distress'd MINERVA'S darling town
 With persecution jealous;
 Of belles so scanty was her choice,
 She scarce could furnish toasts for boys,
 Or wives for humbler fellows.

Yet PALLAS all their spleen defy'd,
 And prudently the loss supply'd
 Of such precarious blisses:
 Hence were her sons more studious grown;
 Her discipline went smother on,
 'Mid troops of homely misses.

CUPID, who late had seen the place,
 Found they had quite mistook the case,
 That books would grow in fashion ;
 That dazzling eyes and blooming cheeks,
 Could only tame those hardy GREEKS,
 And bring them to submission.

Then swift as thought he flew to town,
 And POLLY straight is order'd down,
 The champion of beauty ;
 For well his godship did devise,
 That POLLY's charms and POLLY's eyes
 Would be alert on duty.

She came, and with each grace complete,
 From a *Venetian* window's height
 Her battery she play'd :
 The fatal slaughter who can tell,
 What troops of gazing students fell,
 Stretch'd o'er the smooth *parade* ?

Sage folios, now a musty heap,
 In chains and learned darkness sleep,
 All logic's turn'd to folly ;
 Each student takes his cap and gown,
 And runs through ev'ry street in town,
 To catch a look at POLLY.

Who now can pedant rules endure ?—
 “ Go boy, and bid the best *friseur*,
 “ At six precise be wi' me ;”
 My hair in wires exact and nice,
 I'll trim my cap to smallest size,
 That POLLY sure may see me.

Nay e'en the don his pipe forgoes,
 That friend to wisdom and repose,
 Lest POLLY be offended ;
 And GALEN's sagest sons will leave,
 To dangle hours at POLLY's sleeve,
 Their patients unattended.

See churches are forsaken too,
 If POLLY does not grace a pew,
 To keep grave heads from sleeping :
 Mad HUTCHINSONIANS rave in vain,
 The sad deserted seats remain
 For 'prentice boys to weep in.

CUPID, who stood at POLLY's side
Incog. and every shaft supplied,
 Laugh'd with insulting malice,
 To see how sure each arrow flew,
 How at each killing glance she slew
 Some fav'rite son of PALLAS.

Then to JOVE's court he wing'd his way,
 To tell the triumphs of the day,
 And publish POLLY's glory ;
 But PALLAS had that morn been there,
 And humbly sought of JOVE to hear
 The hardships of her story.

“ That all her sons were rebels grown,
 “ No books were read, no rules were known ;
 “ Her fav'rite seat was undone.”

Her plea was heard, 'twas JOVE's decree
That IRIS should next week convey
Fair POLLY back to LONDON.

THE CUSHION PLOT.

BY HERBERT BEAVER, ESQ. C.C.C.

WHEN GABY* possession had got of the *hall*,
He took a survey of the chapel and all,
Since that, like the rest, was just ready to fall.
Which nobody can deny.

And first he began to examine the chest,
Where he found an old *cushion* which gave him dis-
taste;
The first of the kind that e'er *troubled his rest*.
Which nobody, &c.

Two letters of gold on this cushion were rear'd;
Two letters of gold once by GABY rever'd;
But now, what was loyalty, treason appear'd.
Which nobody, &c.

“ *J. R.* (quoth the don, in soliloquy bass)
“ See the works of this damnable *jacobite race!*
“ We'll out with the *J*, and put *G* in its place.”
Which nobody, &c.

* DR. SHAW, the President of the College.

And now to erase these letters so rich,
 For scissars and bodkin his fingers did itch,
 For converts in politics go *thorough-stitch*.
 Which nobody, &c.

The thing was almost as soon done as said,
 Poor *J* was deposed, and *G* reign'd in his stead;
 Such a quick revolution sure never was read!
 Which nobody, &c.

Then hey for preferment—but how did he stare,
 When convinc'd and asham'd of not being aware,
 That *J.* stood for JEMMET,* for RAYMOND the *R.*
 Which nobody, &c.

Then beware all ye parents, from hence I advise,
 How ye choose christian names for the babes ye
 baptize,
 For if GABY don't like 'em he'll pick out their *I*'s.
 Which nobody can deny.

ON
 LOPPING NEW COLLEGE LIME TREES.

WHILOM a row of saucy limes,
 Planted, I ween, in luckless times,
 By some ill-favour'd bursar,
 Like upstarts vain, grew proud and tall,
 And boldly perk'd it o'er the wall,
 No trees look'd ever fiercer.

* The benefactor who gave the cushion.

But late for sundry crimes arraign'd,—
 Whether some stripling shrubs complain'd
 These rogues presum'd to slight 'em;
 Or whether they were heard to prate
 Of some sad yew's untimely fate,
 That once grew over-right 'em:

Or if by chance their heads they shook,
 When tow'rd's the church they turn'd a look,
 And mourn'd the sad conditions
 Of poor St. PETER'S* num'rous dead,
 That to their graves were daily led,
 Since some folks turn'd physicians.

Whate'er the cause, some angry pow'r
 Resolv'd their daring tops to low'r:
 His murd'rous mates assembled:
 Oh! as the mangling crew appears,
 Arm'd with axe, hatchet, saw, and shears,
 How ev'ry DRYAD trembled.

Sore cause, for ne'er in grove of oak
 Did spendthrift heirs' unpitying stroke,
 Such butchery exhibit;
 Each arm they main'd, each head they topt,
 Nor ever left a limb unlopt,
 To make the dogs a gibbet.

So looks the poor dismember'd tar,
 Who late was thunderbolt of war,
 But fall'n in barb'rous clutches:

* The Church of St. Peter in the East, at Oxford.

From mangling hospital turn'd out,
 Maim'd, halt, and naked, limps about
 To beg with stumps and crutches.

Oh! how the sad succeeding year,
 Will each kind stranger's pitying tear,
 Our wond'rous change bemoan;
 To see each tree, once green and tall,
 A shapeless block become; and all
 Our hedge-rows turn'd to stone.

But we, blest minions, all our days
 Shall bask in PHŒBUS' warmest rays,
 No shade can now controul us:
 And should he chance to over-heat us,
 He by the same good hand can treat us
 With gentle purge to cool us.

EPIGRAM ON AN OXFORD TOAST,

With fine Eyes and a bad Voice.

LUCETTA's charms our hearts surprise
 At once with love and wonder;
 She bears JOVE's *lightnings* in her eyes,
 But in her voice his *thunder*.

A BALLAD,

To the Tune of—"To you fair ladies now at land."

OCCASIONED BY

*A Copy of Verses on Miss Brickenden's going to Nuneham by
Water; in which were the following Lines:—*

"The lofty trees of Nuneham's pendant wood,
"To meet her seem to rush into the flood;
"Peep o'er their fellows' heads to view the fair
"Whose name upon their wounded barks they bear.
"Repress your amorous haste; the lovely maid
"In person deigns to cheer the gloomy shade."

WHILST you, my charming ANNA, reign,
Of ev'ry muse the theme;
Whose presence decks with flowers the plain,
With pride swells ISIS' stream;
May I presume you'll lend an ear,
To me, your humble sonnetteer?

Fa, la, la.

But lest, my fair, you think me cold,
Cry pish, and call me rude;
Or think that I dare be so bold,
My passion to intrude;
It is not for myself I sue,
'Tis for some trees that die for you.

Fa, la, la.

Since late on Isis' silver flood
 Your fatal form was seen,
 Some luckless *oaks* of *Nuneham wood*,
 Till then full fresh and green,
 No more their verdant honour spreads,
 But sigh for you, and hang their heads.

Fa, la, la.

'Tis said, that with a look most queer,
 The dotards peeping stood;
 No priest with more lascivious leer,
 Confessing nun e'er view'd:
 Nay that they *rush'd into the flood*—
 Were e'er such am'rous *sticks of wood*?

Fa, la, la.

How then can all your num'rous band
 Of lovers not despair;
 When *hearts of oak* could not withstand
 A face so wond'rous fair?
 Since in your breast no pity's found,
 Though lovers hang, and *trees are drown'd*.

Fa, la, la.

In pity to your wit, restrain
 The lightning of your eyes;
 Since at each glance upon the plain
 Some bleeding *forest* dies:
 If you proceed, my lovely maid,
 You'll ruin our *poetic shade*.

Fa, la, la.

Well might the poet's am'rous song
 Style you the public care ;
 For all our country 'squires ere long,
 Will dread the passing fair.
 Think what will good Lord HARCOURT do,
 Now *Nuneham woods* are fir'd by you !
 Fa, la, la.

ON A BEAUTY WITH ILL QUALITIES.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
 A beauteous face and ugly mind ;
 In vain the faultless features strike,
 When soul and body are unlike ;
 Pity those snowy breasts should hide
 Deceit, and avarice, and pride !

So in rich jars from CHINA brought,
 With glowing colours gaily wrought,
 Oft times the subtle spider dwells,
 With secret venom bloated swells,
 Weaves all his fatal nets within,
 As unsuspected as unseen.

A SONG OF SIMILIES, BY THE REV. DR. BACON.

I've thought : the fair CLARISSA cries,
 What is it like, Sir ?—Like your eyes.

'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
 'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—
 'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
 'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
 'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
 'Tis like a doctor—like a whale.

Why are my eyes, Sir, like a **SWORD**?
 For that's the thought upon my word.—
 Ah! witness ev'ry pang I feel;
 The deaths they give their likeness tell.

A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
 Because 'tis *most an end behind*.
 'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one;
 'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run through one.
 'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
 'Tis often drawing human blood.
 Why like a beggar you shall hear:
 'Tis often borne before the mayor.
 'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt;
 Besides, it travels in a *belt*.
 'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
 Because that state, whenever we
 A push for our own int'rest make,
 Does instantly our sides forsake.
 The moon—why when all's said and done,
 A sword is very like the moon:
 For if his Majesty (God bless him)
 When country sheriff comes t'address him,
 Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
 On him, before him kneeling low,

'This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 And gives the glory to the knight. [*night.*]
 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
 For 'tis not long in drawing out.
 'Tis like a doctor, for who will
 Dispute a doctor's power to kill!
 But why a sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing to tell;
 But since all swords are swords, d'ye see,
 Why let it then a backsword be;
 Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
 To raise up somewhat like a *whale*.

THE SNIPE.

AN HUMOROUS BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

TUNE—*Abbot of Canterbury.*

I'LL tell you a story, a story that's true,
 A story that's dismal, yet comical too;
 It is of a friar, who some people think,
 Though as sweet as a nut, might have died of a stink.
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

This friar would often go out with his gun,
 And though no great marksman, he thought himself
 one;
 For though he for ever was wont to miss aim,
 Still something, but never himself, was to blame.
 Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young Peter, a friend of the friar's,
 With legs arm'd with leather, for fear of the briers,
 Went out with him once, though it signifies not
 Where he hir'd his gun, or who tick'd for the shot.

Derry down, &c.

Away these two trudg'd it, o'er hills and o'er dales,
 They popt at the partridges, frighted the quails;
 But to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
 Save spoiling the proverb—*as sure as a gun*.

Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor snipe flew direct in the way,
 In open defiance, as if he would say,—

“ If only the friar and Peter are there,

“ I'll fly where I list, there's no reason to fear.”

Derry down, &c.

Though little thought he that his death was so nigh,
 Yet Peter by chance fetch'd him down from on high;
 His shot was ram'd down with a Journal, I wist,
 The first time he charg'd so improper with *Mist*.*

Derry down, &c.

Then on both sides the speeches began to be made,
 As—I beg your acceptance—Oh! no Sir, indeed!
 I beg that you would, Sir,—for both wisely knew,
 That *one* snipe could ne'er be a supper for *two*.

Derry down, &c.

What the friar declin'd in a most civil sort,
 Peter slipt in his pocket, the de'il take him for't!
 But were the truth known, 'twould plainly appear,
 He oft times had found a longer *bill* there.

Derry down, &c.

* *Mist's Journal*, a newspaper published about the time
 this song was written.

Hid in his pocket the snipe safely lay,
 While a week did pass over his head and a day;
 Till the ropes for a toast too offensive were grown,
 And were smelt out by every nose but his own.
Derry down, &c.

The friar look'd wholesome, it must be agreed,
 So no one could say whence the stink should proceed;
 Where the stink might be laid, though no one could
 say,
 'Tis certain he brought it and took it away.
Derry down, &c.

At sight of the friar began the perfume,
 And scarce he appear'd but he scented the room:
 Snuff-boxes were held in the highest esteem,
 And all the wry faces were made where he came.
Derry down, &c.

At the place he was in, it was call'd this and that;
 In his room 'twas a close-stool, or else a dead rat;
 In the fields where he walk'd for some carrion 'twas
 guest;
 'Twas a f—t at the *Angel*, and pass'd for a jest.
Derry down, &c.

At length the suspicion fell thick on poor *Tray*,
 Till he took to his heels, and with speed ran away;
 Thought the friar poor *Tray* I'll remember thee soon,
 If I live to grow sweet I will give thee a bone.
Derry down, &c.

For he knew that poor *Tray* was most highly abus'd,
 And if any, himself thus deserv'd to be us'd:
 For 'twas certainly he, whom else could he think;
 'Twas certainly he that must make all the stink;
Derry down, &c.

So when he came home he sat down on his bed,
 His elbow at distance supported his head;
 His body long while like a pendulum went;
 But all he could do did not alter the scent.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd, he got up and pull'd off his clothes,
 He peep'd in his breeches, and smelt to his hose,
 And the very next morning fresh clothes he put on,
 All, all but a waistcoat, for he had but one.

Derry down, &c.

Yet changing his clothes did not alter the case,
 And so he stunk on for three weeks and three days;
 Till to send for a doctor he thought it most meet;
 For though he was not, yet his life it was sweet.

Derry down, &c.

The doctor he came, felt his pulse in a trice;
 Then crept at a distance to give his advice:
 But sweating, nor bleeding, nor purging would do,
 For instead of one stink this only made two.

Derry down, &c.

The friar oft times to his glass would repair,
 But to death he was frighten'd whenever he came
 there;

His eyes were so sunk, and he look'd so aghast,
 He verily thought he was stinking his last.

Derry down, &c.

So for credit he hastens to burn all his prose,
 And into the fire his verses he throws;

When searching his pockets to make up the pile,
 He found out the *snipe* that had stunk all the while.
 Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you will now think him wholesome again,
 Since his waistcoat discovers the cause of his pain.
 To conclude, the poor friar entreats you to note,
 That you might have been sweet had you been in
 his coat. Derry down, &c.

EPIGRAM IN MARTIAL,

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

CALLIDUS imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ;
 Cum peterem *mixtum*, vendidit ille *merum*.

TRANSLATION.

A LANDLORD at *Bath* put upon me a queer hum;
 I ask'd him for *punch*—and the dog gave me *mere*
rum.

TABLE TALK.

Written in the Year 1745.

BY MR. KIDGELL, OF HERTFORD COLLEGE.

——— Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
 Gaudia, Discursus, nostri est Farrago Libelli.

Juvenal.

WHEN lovely Cælia had resign'd
 The dear delights of womankind,
 And could, without reluctance, see
 The powers of talk-inspiring tea,

Imperial in its last decay
 Glad Mrs. Betty's harmless prey :
 When all the fountains that supply
 The pools of rich *quadrille* were dry ;
 And each promiscuous fish was seen
 Stretch'd on the pearl-bespangled *green* ;
 When Phœbus had consign'd his pow'r
 To a mild evening's cooler hour,
 And lent the jewels of his light
 T' adorn the *empress of the night*,
 'Twas solemnly agreed upon
 By Mary cook, and butler John,
 That supper in the parlour should be
 With expedition vast as could be ;
 For master with delay was hungry,
 And mistress with impatience angry.
 Swift as the word the cloth was laid,
 And all was hush'd while grace was said,
 When silence once again gave way
 To bring discourse again in play.

“ But, Sir, if these accounts are true,
 The Dutch have mighty things in view ;
 The Austrians—I admire French beans,
 Dear ma'am, above all sorts of greens,—
 They say the Prussian schemes are quash'd—
 Oh, ma'am, 'tis admirably hash'd—
 Some pepper—and I hear Argyle—
 A little vinegar and oil—
 But that, perhaps, is all a jest, Sir,—
 Ma'am, which you please—which you like best, Sir—

I think green peas—if understood
 The Grand Duke's schemes—are lovely good—
 Mix'd, Mr. John—will humble France—
 Sir, your good health—but that's a chance—
 Miss Harriot's vastly grown, ma'am—why,
 So her papa thinks—Mrs. Fry
 Is out of patience—ma'am a piece
 Of sturgeon—with her *little* niece,
 They're both year's children—John, some bread—
 But Harriot's taller by the head.
 She came from school, stay, let me see,
 I think 'twas—almond flummery;
 Venture to taste it, Mr. Sear—
 The night that Garrick play'd King Lear.
 Oh, I remember!—Dearest ma'am, let
 Me help you—when he acted Hamlet,
 My sister Ashburnham had on
 Her pink and silver—Hark'e, John—
 And some rude rabble from the gallery—
 The soup tastes delicate of celery—
 Threw God knows what upon her sleeve—
 She's got it out, ma'am, I perceive.—
 Oh, no ma'am, she was forc'd to buy
 (Your humble servant, Mr. Dry)
 A whole new breadth—we had such sport—
 Of Mrs. Vokes, in Old Round Court.
 Dear Mrs. Chatwell, have you heard—
 To me a teal's a better bird—
 How Mrs. Branche's cause goes on?
 A little water, Mr. John—
 Oh! Mrs. Branche! I can't abide her—
 Pray, Mr. James, a glass of cider.—

Some say—a little butter mix'd
 With capers—she is so unfix'd,
 She can't—eats most delightful in it—
 Continue in a mind one minute.—
 No! carp, ma'am, is—and so we see—
 Above all sorts of fish to me—
 A triflingness—you knew Tom's wife—
 In every action of her life—
 Tom Branche's wife I knew—another
 Potato, if you please—and mother.
 His mother—Mr. Oldham speaks,
 John, don't you hear?—within three weeks
 After—these eggs I always poach—
 Was overturn'd in York stage coach—
 And Mrs. Mixon, as for her—
 Miss, your good health, ma'am, yours, good Sir,—
 She went to Perth—poor soul, it cry'd,
 And ran to me—and there she dy'd—
 Poor little soul!—ma'am, some of those—
 And did it hurt its little nose!—
 Yes, ma'am, it bled—I chuse a wing,
 Sir, you are quite—like any thing?
 But doctor, if the noble duke—
 Take out that skew'r there to the cook—
 Should trounce mounseer, I'm bold to say—
 A little sweet-bread, Mrs. Day—
 That 'tis impossible the Dutch—
 Ma'am, if you please, not quite so much—
 Refuse t' assist—yes, ma'am, but spices
 Improve it vastly—at this crisis.—
 Good gracious! he's a dreadful jobster—
 Ma'am, I prefer one claw of lobster—

He piec'd my habit all in dabs—
 At any time to twenty crabs—
 Oh! I'd forgot—they're lovely rabbits,
 Dear ma'am!—but now you mention habits,
 Miss Drawbridge—your good health, Miss Perkin,
 Has got the fearful'st, frightful'st jerkin,
 It looks so tarnish'd and so old—
 Miss Jewkes, I hope you've caught no cold—
 No, not at all, ma'am—fetch the cheese in—
 Snuff always did set me a sneezing—
 The association's form'd we hear—
 John, mix a little ale and beer—
 Why really, ma'am—your health, Miss Bayes—
 Folks talk on't many different ways—
 Though 'tis a case that I'm no judge in—
 Ma'am, I'm prodigious fond of gudgeon—
 But apt to prate—they're fine stew'd pears—
 At such a juncture of affairs.
 Dear ma'am, you've heard how 'squire Bodling—
 My daughter Ford admires a codling—
 It rain'd so dreadful cou'd not go,
 He and Miss James, and Mrs. Sloe,
 So far as Tewkesbury last week—
 Sure, John, you heard Miss Idle speak!
 You saw Miss Drawbridge, ma'am, last Sunday?
 Yes, ma'am, I did; and Mrs. Munday
 Had lost her parrot—pray, ma'am, how?
 I really, ma'am, can't tell, I vow—
 I pity'd the poor creature's fate—
 Give Mrs. Dykes a china plate—
 But poor Miss Drawbridge will run wild—
 No, ma'am, our cream is always boil'd—

For our part, ma'am, I can't but say
 We all—make haste and take away—
 Are mighty fond of slip-slops,—bring
 The wine and fruits—ma'am, *church and king*—
 Miss, shall I help you? Sir, I beg—
 Sir, there's enough—ma'am sister Peg
 Is well, but George has hurt his leg :
 My aunt was in a vehement fright—
 His left leg, ma'am—no, ma'am, his right—
 Poor Master Gregory!—ma'am, I hope—
 No, ma'am, he's with my uncle Cope,
 And is as lively and as brisk
 As—ma'am, d'ye chuse a game at *whisk*?"

}

SIMILE,

FROM PHÆDRA AND HYPOLITUS.



So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
 The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms :
 His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
 His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung.
 Obscure in coverts lay his dreaming hounds,
 And bay'd the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds ;
 For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
 And all the hero to the lover yields.

THE SAME PARODIED.

So when bright Abigail resign'd her charms,
 The happy curate languish'd in her arms :
 His unbrush'd beaver on the floor was toss'd ;
 His notes were scatter'd, and his Bible lost.
 In ale-house hid his dreaming clerk was found,
 And rear'd the fancy'd stave with feeble sound :
 For nobler sheets his Concordance he leaves,
 And all the parson to the lover gives.

VERSES

ON THE

EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE,

In an Epistle to a Friend, 1761, by a Gentleman of Oxford ; containing the sentiments, images, metaphors, machinery, similes, allusions, and all other poetical decorations, of the " Oxford Verses," which were to appear on that auspicious occasion.

YES—ev'ry hopeful son of rhyme
 Will surely seize this happy time,
 Vault on Pegasus's back,
 Now grown an academic hack,
 And sing the beauties of a queen,
 (Whom, by the bye, he has not seen ;)
 Will swear her eyes are black as jet,
 Her teeth are pearls in coral set ;
 Will tell us that the rose has lent
 Her cheek its bloom, her lips its scent ;
 That Philomel breaks off her song,
 And listens to her sweeter tongue ;
 That Venus and the graces join'd
 To form this phœnix of her kind,

And Pallas undertook to store
 Her mind with wisdom's chiefest lore :
 Thus form'd, Jove issues a decree
 That GEORGE'S CONSORT she shall be :
 Then Cupid (for what match is made
 By poets without Cupid's aid ?)
 Picks out the swiftest of his darts
 And pierces instant both their hearts.

Your fearful prosemen here might doubt,
 How best to bring this match about,
 For winds and waves are ill-bred things,
 And little care for queens and kings ;
 But as the gods assembled stand,
 And wait each youthful bard's command,
 All fancy'd dangers they deride,
 Of boist'rous winds, and swelling tide ;
 Neptune is call'd to wait upon her,
 And sea-nymphs are her maids of honour ;
 Whilst we, instead of eastern gales,
 With vows and praises fill the sails ;
 And when, with due poetic care
 They safely land the royal fair,
 They catch the happy simile,
 Of Venus rising from the sea.
 Soon as she moves, the hill and vale,
 Responsive tell the joyful tale ;
 And wonder holds th' enraptur'd throng
 To see the goddess pass along ;
 The bowing forests all adore her,
 And flow'rs spontaneous spring before her,
 Where you and I all day might travel,
 And meet with nought but sand and gravel ;

But poets have a piercing eye,
 And many pretty things can spy,
 Which neither you nor I can see,
 But then the fault's in you and me.
 'The king astonish'd must appear,
 And find that fame has wrong'd his dear;
 Then hymen like a bishop stands,
 To join the lovers' plighted hands;
 Apollo and the muses wait,
 The nuptial song to celebrate.

But I, who rarely spend my time
 In paying court or spinning rhyme;
 Who cannot from the high abodes,
 Call down, at will, a troop of gods;
 Must in the plain, prosaic way,
 The wishes of my soul convey.
 May heav'n our monarch's choice approve,
 May he be blest with mutual love.
 And be as happy with his queen,
 As with my Chloe I have been;
 When wand'ring through the beechen grove,
 She sweetly smil'd and talk'd of love!
 And oh! that he may live to see
 A son as wise and good as he;
 And may his consort grace the throne
 With virtues equal to his own!

Our courtly bards will needs be telling
 That she's like Venus, or like Helen;
 I wish that she may prove as fair
 As Egremont and Pembroke are;

For though by sages 'tis confest
 That beauty's but a toy at best,
 Yet 'tis, methinks, in married life,
 A pretty *douceur* with a wife :
 And may the minutes, as they fly,
 Strengthen still the nuptial tie ;
 While hand in hand through life they go,
 Till love shall into friendship grow ;
 For though these blessings rarely wait
 On regal pomp and tinsell'd state,
 Yet happiness is virtue's lot,
 Alike in palace and in cot :
 'Tis true, the grave affairs of state,
 With little folks have little weight ;
 Yet I confess my patriot heart
 In Britain's welfare bears its part ;
 With transport glows at George's name,
 And triumphs in its country's fame :
 With hourly pleasure I can sit
 And talk of Granby, Hawke, and Pitt ;
 And, whilst I praise the good and brave,
 Disdain the coward and the knave.

At growth of taxes others fret,
 And shudder at the nation's debt ;
 I ne'er the fancied ills bemoan,
 No debts disturb me but my own.
 What ! though our coffers sink, our trade
 Repairs the breach which war has made ;
 And if expenses now run high,
 Our minds must with our means comply.

Thus far my politics extend,
 And here my warmest wishes end,—
 May merit flourish, faction cease,
 And I and Europe live in peace!

ODE TO CRITICISM.*

BY MR. WODHULL.

Mutemus clypeos, Danaûmque insignia nobis
 Aptemus: dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?

VIRGIL.

I.

HAIL, mighty goddess, whom of yore,
 Where fam'd Cimmeria boasts her ten-fold gloom,
 In those deep caverns, from her lab'ring womb
 Imperial Dulness bore.
 At the signal of thy birth,
 O'er the rue-besprinkled earth,
Slowly sullen Spleen advances,
 Sneering Laughter joins the dances,
 Swift from her den exulting Envy springs,
 New trims her faded torch, and sharpens all her
 stings.

* This poem appeared soon after the publication of the *Oxford Verses* on the Death of George the Second.

II.

Farewell, ye visions light and vain,
 The Delian grove, with its enchanted rill,
 The cloven summits of Parnassus' hill,
 Chimeras of the brain.

No more such follies I pursue—
 Thee, sober-vested queen, I woo;
 Thy propitious help imploring,
 As by midnight taper poring,
 With studious care I mark some faulty line,
 Then curse the Theban harp, or Homer's work divine.

III.

Here in my hateful, lonesome cell,
 While darkness spreads her murky veil around,
 When pains corrode, and stormy passions wound,
 With thee I wish to dwell.
 Though Apollo bids despair,
 Nor a muse regards my pray'r;
 Still with ever constant kindness,
 Thou wilt sooth my votive blindness;
 I feel, I feel the maddening influence reigns,
 The black bile rushes on, and revels in my veins.

IV.

Borne on the rapid wings of thought,
 E'en now I seem, in thy extensive shade,
 Where baleful yews o'ercome the sickening glade,
 To quaff the plenteous draught.
 And behold thy realms comprise
 Learned, ignorant, and wise,
 All alike with hot devotion,
 Swallowing thy embitter'd potion.

Fearless I take my self-commission'd stand,
To wield thy ruthless sword with unrelenting hand.

v.

Hear then, O hear my fond request,
Whether in poor Verona's hapless state,
Thou mourn'st thy Scaliger's neglected fate,
 With anguish-laden breast;
Or with rapture lov'st to view
Sourly smiling each *Review*;
Quickly haste to my embraces,
Come, O come, in all thy graces,
Where tuneful *Oxford* hails thy *just* domain,
Where at thy shrine attend her delegated train.

vi.

How shall I paint thy heav'nly charms!
In what high praise my ardent suit address!
Or how the glowing flame shall I express
 Which now my bosom warms!
How describe the mazy road,
Leading to thy blest abode!
Where thou sitt'st in state presiding,
Us ignoble rhymers guiding
To where the banks of Lethe's silent wave,
Before our passive steps disclose an early grave.

vii.

Yet shall my feeble lays presume,
Rapt in ideal ecstacies, to trace
The winning features of thy lovely face,
 And its primeval bloom.

Thou, a *silver-slipper'd* nymph,*
 Lightly tread'st the *dimply* lymph,
 With dank sedge thy tresses wreathing,
 Modulating measures breathing;
 A coral crown thy *bright brow binds*, I ween,
 And down devolves thy *sweeping stole of glossy green*.

VIII.

Oft in nocturnal serenade,
 Anxious I wake my lyre's discordant strings,
 Till the responsive echo loudly rings
 With thee, immortal maid!
 Ah! perchance my hopes are vain—
 Can'st thou then with harsh disdain,
 Spurn my too officious duty,
 Self-enamour'd of thy beauty;
 And close thy stern, inexorable heart,
 Slighting the vow sincere, which wants the gloss of art?

IX.

Hence, idle fears—thou still art kind;
 Low at thy foot-stool bends my trembling knee:
 I sue, O goddess, and I sue to thee,
 To thy behests resign'd.

* Alluding to the following lines in *Warton's Triumph of Isis*:—

And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
 While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
 As the smooth surface of the dimply flood,
 The silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod.

No rejected votary's moans
 Taint the air with feverish groans.
 Where we rest, thy charms enjoying,
 Ever tasted, never cloying,
 Widely thou pour'st thy all-diffusive rays,
 Instant our kindling souls with fire congenial blaze.

X.

In Rhedycina's favour'd seat,
 Where richest verse thy smould'ring altar feeds,
 With him some chosen sage obedient leads,
 To give thee homage meet.
 False surmises, hidden flaws,
 Old grammarians' crabbed laws;
 At thy impulse while elated,
 By thy pleasure he unsated,
 With his fell pen from thy tribunal bends,
 As on the mingled lines the frequent blot descends.

XI.

When autumn brought the lowering year,
 Fair Isis mingled with Britannia's woe;
 Meanwhile thou taught'st her classic plaints to flow
 O'er George's grief-stain'd bier.
 How she mourn'd the monarch dead,
 Father of his country fled,
 Ill befits my trite narration—
 I, in less exalted station,
 Stupidly nod o'er poesy so fine,
 Stretch'd on the lifeless couch of indolence supine.

XII.

*That part to thee we consecrate
Of the huge wreath forsooth, which all the Nine,
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.**

A fricassee of state!
'Twould make a breakfast for a king;
Or should he feast on no such thing
As see-saw flattery, and his spirit
Be coolly touch'd with so much merit;
If he endure the song with look sinister,
The plan will suit at least a patriot minister.

XIII.

Full many a youth, whose opening shoot
Teen'd with poetic foliage, o'er whose head
Castalian dew the gracious muse has shed,
And promis'd riper fruit;
Such the firm decrees of fate,
Such the shortness of his date,
With the troop of phantoms nameless,
In that pious volume fameless,
Where the triumphant clouds of smoke aspire,
Sinks in oblivion's arms on the funereal pyre.

* Alluding to the following lines in the concluding copy of the Oxford Verses before mentioned, written by the Poetry Professor:—

—————deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

XIV.

Far from the terrors of thy reign,
 Curb'd by thy frown, audacious Genius flies;
 Or, if he impotently dares to rise,
 Is levell'd to the plain :
 Nought avails his magic art
 To avert thy 'vengeful dart;
 And his insolent emprising;
 Thou his vaunting pow'r despising,
 Eager his blasted glories to confound,
 Strik'st him a breathless corse, unpitying, to the ground.

XV.

When *swinging slow with sweepy sway*,*
 In one same constant tenor run our rhymes,
 Like the sweet music of unvaried chimes,
 In distant due delay ;
 Then our vows thou deign'st to hear
 With a condescending ear.
 Aid, O goddess, aid my numbers,
 Let me *share thy sweetest slumbers*.
 While from this quill, as all along I doze,
 In apathy discreet the stumbling stanza flows.

* See Warton's *Pleasures of Melancholy*, a poem.

AN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

I.

A WELL-KNOWN vase of sovraign use I sing,
 Pleasing to young and old, and Jordan hight;
 The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king,
 Snatch up this vessel in the murky night.
 Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
 But uses it in mantle brown or green;
 Sometimes it stands array'd in glossy white;
 And eft in mighty dortours may be seen
 Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets sheen.

II.

The virgin comely as the dewy rose,
 Here gently sheds the softly-whisp'ring rill;
 The franion, who ne shame ne blushing knows,
 At once the potter's glossy vase does fill;
 It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
 Here frouzy housewives clear their loaded reins;
 The beef-fed justice, who fat ale doth swill,
 Grasps the round-handled jar, and tries, and strains.
 While slowly dribbling down the scanty water drains.

III.

The dame of Fraunce shall without shame convey
 This ready needment to its proper place;
 Yet shall the daughters of the Lond of Fay
 Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;

Warm blushes lend a beauty to their face,
 For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn ;
 Thus o'er the distant hillocks you may trace
 The purple beamings of the infant morn :
 Sweet are our blooming maids—the sweetest crea-
 tures born.

IV.

None but their husbands or their lovers true
 They trust with management of their affairs ;
 Nor even these their privacy may view,
 When the soft beves seek the bow'r by pairs :
 Then from the sight accoy'd, like tim'rous hares,
 From mate or bellamour alike they fly.
 Think not, good swain, that these are scornful airs,
 Think not for hate they shun thine am'rous eye,
 Soon shall the fair return, nor doom thee, youth, to die.

V.

While Belgic frows across a charcoal stove
 (Replenish'd like the vestal's lasting fire)
 Bren for whole years, and scorch the parts of love,
 No longer parts that can delight inspire,
 Erst cave of bliss, now monumental pyre ;
 O British maid, for ever clean and neat,
 For whom I aye will wake my simple lyre,
 With double care preserve that dun retreat,
 Fair Venus' mystic bow'r, Dan Cupid's feather'd seat.

VI.

So may your hours soft sliding steal away,
 Unknown to gnarring slander and to bale,
 O'er seas of bliss peace guides her gondelay,
 Ne bitter dole impest the passing gale.

O sweeter than the lilies of the dale,
 In your soft breasts the fruits of joyance grow;
 Ne fell Despair be here with visage pale,
 Brave be the youth for whom your bosoms glow,
 Ne other joy but you the faithful striplings know.

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD,

To the Tune of Chery Chace.



WHILOM there dwelt near Buckingham,
 That famous country town,
 At a known place, hight Whaddon Chace,
 A 'squire of odd renown.

A Druid's sacred form he bore,
 His robes a girdle bound :
 Deep vers'd he was in ancient lore,
 In customs old, profound.

A stick torn from that hallow'd tree,
 Where Chaucer us'd to sit,
 And tell his tales with leering glee,
 Supports his tott'ring feet.

High on a hill his mansion stood,—
 But gloomy dark within ;
 Here mangled books, as bones and blood
 Lie in a giant's den.

Crude, undigested, half-devour'd,
 On groaning shelves they're thrown
 Such manuscripts no eye could read,
 Nor hand write—but his own.

No prophet he, like Sydrophel,
 Could future times explore;
 But what had happen'd, he could tell,
 Five hundred years and more.

A walking alm'nack he appears,
 Stept from some mouldy wall,
 Worn out of use through dust and years,
 Like 'scutcheons in his hall.

His boots were made of that cow's hide,
 By Guy of Warwick slain;
 Time's choicest gifts, ay to abide
 Among the chosen train.

Who first receiv'd the precious boon,
 We're at a loss to learn,
 By Spelman, Camden, Dugdale, worn,
 And then they came to Hearne.

Hearne strutted in them for awhile;
 And then, as lawful heir,
 Browne claim'd and seiz'd the precious spoil,
 The spoil of many a year. ♀

His car himself he did provide,
 To stand in double stead;
 That it should carry him alive,
 And bury him when dead.

By rusty coins old kings he'd trace,
 And know their air and mien :
 King Alfred he knew well by face,
 Though George he ne'er had seen.

This wight th' outside of churches lov'd,
 Almost unto a sin ;
 Spires gothic of more use he prov'd
 Than pulpits are within.

Of use, no doubt, when high in air,
 A wand'ring bird they'll rest,
 Or with a Bramin's holy care,
 Make lodgments for its nest.

Ye jackdaws, that are used to talk,
 Like us of human race,
 When nigh you see Brown Willis walk,
 Loud chatter forth his praise.

Whene'er the fatal day shall come,
 For come, alas ! it must,
 When this good 'squire must stay at home,
 And turn to antique dust ;

The solemn dirge, ye owls, prepare,
 Ye bats more hoarsely scream ;
 Croak, all ye ravens, round the bier,
 And all ye church-mice, squeak !

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE POET AND HIS SERVANT,

In Imitation of Horace, Sat. 7, Book II.

BY THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Serv. SIR, I've long waited, in my turn, to have
A word with you,—but I'm your humble slave.

Poet. What knave is that? my rascal!

Serv. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave, nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

Poet. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence, this time of year.

Serv. Some folks are drunk one day, and some
for ever;

And some, like Warton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oft'ner than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month, and come
To starve another in his hut at home.

So rov'd wild Buckingham, the public jest,
Now some innholder's, now a monarch's guest;
His life and politics of ev'ry shape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in ev'ry limb, from ev'ry vice,
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever;—and their sins on those
By custom sit as easy as their clothes.

Some fly like pendulums from good to evil,
 And in that point are madder than the devil :
 For they ———

Poet. To what will these wild maxims tend ?
 And where, sweet Sir, will your reflections end ?

Serv. In you.

Poet. In me, you knave, make out your charge.

Serv. You praise low living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
 But, without bus'ness, you're again in town.
 If none invite you, Sir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home !
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From Encombe, John comes thund'ring at the door,
 With—Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
 To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights ;
 Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites.—
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all.
 And where the devil are the spurs ? you cry ;
 And oh ! what blockhead laid the buskins by ?
 On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath,
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death :
 As fierce through Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town ;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.

And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love :
 And yet that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Dodington, may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back.
 Meantime your flock, depriv'd of heav'nly food,
 As we of carnal, starve and stray abroad :
 Left to your care by Providence in vain,
 You leave them all to Providence again.
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating,—and I take my glass ;
 But sure 'tis strange, dear Sir, that one should be
 In you amusement, but a crime in me.
 All this is bare refining on a name,
 To make a difference where the fault's the same.
 My father sold me to your service here,
 For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
 A livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove,—but lay your cudgel by.
 You serve your passions. Thus, without a jest,
 Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,
 A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

Poet. Who at this rate of talking can be free?

Serv. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he :
 All else are slaves alike, the world around,
 Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground.
 He, Sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
 And, greater still, is master of himself :
 Not to and fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the interests of the world :

And while that world turns round, entire and whole
 He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul;
 In every turn of fortune still the same,
 As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame :
 Collected in himself, with god-like pride,
 He sees the darts of envy glance aside ;
 And fix'd like Atlas, while the tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a layman to your shame,
 And yet the honour of your blood and name.
 If you can such a character maintain,
 You too are free,—and I'm your slave again.
 But when in Brun's fam'd battles you delight
 More than myself to see two drunkards fight,
 Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead, or such names are mine,
 Your's are a connoisseur, or deep divine.
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
 The sacred prize of learning, mirth, and wit :
 And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy ;
 Then pray who suffers most from luxury ?
 I'm chid, 'tis true, but then I pawn no plate,
 I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.
 Besides, high living, Sir, must wear you out
 With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
 By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
 And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
 To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
 And like all company except your own.
 You hunt, drink, sleep, or idler still, you rhyme :
 Why ?—but to banish thought, and murder time.
 And yet that thought which you discharge in vain,
 Like a foul loaded piece, recoils again.

Poet. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone.

Serv. For what?

Poet. A sword, a pistol, or a gun.

I'll shoot the dog.

Serv. Lord, who would be a wit?

He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

Poet. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork;
For once I'll set your lazy bones to work.

Fly, or I'll send you back without a groat
To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

EPIGRAM

*On the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's Plantations and Music Meeting,
At Church Langton, in Leicestershire.*

So sweet thy *strain*, so thick thy *shade*,
The pleas'd spectator sees
The miracle once more display'd
Of ORPHEUS and his TREES.

THE LAW STUDENT.

To GEORGE COLMAN, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permesside nudâ?
Romanum propius divitiusque Forum est.

MARTIAL.

Now Christ Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important studies of the law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of records, statutes, and reports at large.

Each classic author seeks his peaceful nook,
 And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
 No more, ye bards, for vain precedence hope,
 But even Jacob take the lead of Pope !

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
 And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
 While, arm'd with these, the student views with awe
 His rooms become the magazine of law,
 Say whence so few succeed ? where thousands aim,
 So few e'er reach'd the promis'd goal of fame ?
 Say, why Cæcilius quits the gainful trade
 For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade ?
 Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
 For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves ?

The depth of law asks study, thought, and care ;
 Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir ?
 Such diligence, alas ! is seldom found
 In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.
 Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,
 Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates.
 What is to him dry case, or dull report,
 Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court ;
 And proves that thing of emptiness and show,
 That mongrel, half-form'd thing, a Temple beau ?
 Observe him daily saunt'ring up and down,
 In purple slippers, and in silken gown ;
 Last night's debauch his morning conversation,
 The coming, all his evening preparation.

By law let others toil to gain renown !
 Florio's a gentleman, a man o' th' town.

He nor courts clients, or the law regarding,
 Hurries from Nando's down to Covent Garden.
 Yet he's a scholar;—mark him in the pit
 With critic catcall sound the stops of wit!
 Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
 Censor of style from tragedy to song:
 Him ev'ry witling views with secret awe,
 Deep in the drama, shallow in the law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
 Contemn the science they can ne'er attain:
 Who write and read, but all by fits and starts,
 And varnish folly with the name of parts;
 Trust on to genius, for they scorn to pore,
 Till e'en that little genius is no more.

Knowledge in law care only can attain,
 Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
 If, loit'ring, up the ascent you cease to climb,
 No starts of labour can redeem the time.
 Industrious study wins by slow degrees,
 True sons of Coke can ne'er be sons of ease.

There are, whom love of poetry has smit,
 Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
 Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
 With attic flowers and classic wreaths bestrew'd:
 Wedded to verse, embrac'd the muse for life,
 And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
 Where'er the muse usurps despotic sway,
 All other studies must of force give way.
 Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
 Nonsuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.

As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
 As ever jumble wit and law together.
 On Littleton, Coke gravely thus remarks,
 (Remember this, ye rhyming Temple sparks!)
 "In all our author's tenures, be it noted,
 "This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."
 Which, 'gainst the muse and verse, may well imply
 What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*.

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
 Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
 What though the sprightly scene well acted draws
 From unpack'd Englishmen, unbrib'd applause,
 Some monthly grub, some Dennis of the age,
 In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage.*
 If haply Churchill strive, with generous aim,
 To fan the sparks of genius to a flame;
 If all *unask'd, unknowing, and unknown*,
 By noting thy desert, he proves his own;
 Envy shall straight to Hamilton's repair,
 And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there;
 Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
 And boldly print and publish a rank lie;
 Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
 Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have said,
 (Friends whom the surest maxims ever led)
 Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive;
 Your parsons are the happiest men alive.

* Alluding to certain disingenuous and illiberal criticisms in the *Critical Review*; wherein the *Jealous Wife*, a comedy, and the author of that play, as well as his friends, were at different times attacked with equal virulence and insolence.

Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
 But stalls untold, and bishops twenty-four.
 Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'son full,
 Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
 He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
 To preach his audience once a week to sleep;
 On rich preferment battens at his ease,
 Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far;
 And cry, stick close, dear Colman, to the bar!
 If genius warm thee, where can genius call
 For nobler action, than in yonder hall?
 'Tis not enough each morn, on term's approach
 To club your legal three-pence for a coach;
 Then at the hall to take your silent stand,
 With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
 Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
 And noting down sage dictums from the court,
 With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
 The index of your book of common place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
 And tread the path their dull forefathers trod;
 Doom'd through law's maze, without a clue to range,
 From *second* Vernon down to *second* Strange.
 Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits,
 Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
 No longer on the drawling, dronish herd,
 Are the first honours of the law conferr'd;
 But they, whose fame reward's due tribute draws,
 Whose active merit challenges applause,

Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
To mark the paths which genius should pursue.

O for thy spirit, Mansfield! at thy name
What bosom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from jargon born to rescue law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry common law to common sense!

Pratt, on thy lips persuasion ever hung!
English falls, pure as manna, from thy tongue:
On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
Unerring Henley found the just decree.
Henley! than whom to Hardwicke's well-rais'd fame,
No worthier second Royal George could name:
No lawyer of prerogative: no tool
Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school;
Form'd 'twixt the people and the crown to stand,
And hold the scales of right with even hand!

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, see in Yorke the force of lineal worth;
But why their sev'ral merits need I tell?
Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell?
Wilmot how well his place, or Forster fills?
Or shrewd sense beaming from the eye of Willes?

Such, whilst thou see'st the public care engage,
Their fame increasing with increasing age,
Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' school,
Whose warmth of soul sound judgment knew to cool;

—With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
 Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise;
 Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
 And leave the press to Churchill and to me.

THE
 MOUSE AND OYSTER.

WHEN midnight's sable veil o'erspread the plain,
 When bats and fairies, mice and Morpheus reign,
 A bold undaunted mouse, that long defy'd
 The various stratagems that Kate had try'd,
 His destin'd doom receiv'd, for soon or late
 Both mice and monarchs must submit to fate.

Oft was the moon with silver lustre crown'd,
 Since the nocturnal pirate march'd his round;
 Soon as his foe, the sun, had took his flight,
 Trips forth the little champion of the night;
 With cautious tread, secure from fell mishap,
 Of puss, of poisons, or tremendous trap;
 Still at the head of his rapacious clan,
 He skipt from shelf to shelf, from pan to pan;
 With nose sagacious smok'd the baited gin,
 Wary and conscious of the snare within:
 Now feasts on rich variety of meats,
 And oft in cheese his own apartments eats;
 Regales on floods of cream, ragouts, and cakes,
 Of all the dainties of the day partakes:

Now storms rich conserves with voluptuous taste,
 And saps the tender tenements of paste.
 As yet unharm'd the epicure patroll'd,
 And fearless o'er his silent suburbs stroll'd;
 Luxurious nights in pleasing plunder past,
 Nor dreamt that this was doom'd to be his last.
 For now the time—the destin'd time was sent;
 So fate ordain'd—and who can fate prevent?

Thick shades once more had veil'd the haunted house,
 Once more from coverts bolts the advent'rous mouse,
 Lighting in evil hour in quest of prey,
 Where in a group th' avenging oyster lay:
 A fish commission'd from the wat'ry throng,
 With ligament of scaly armour strong,
 Lay with expanded jaws, and gaping shell,
 (But who the sad catastrophe can tell?)
 The dainty mouse, still craving some new dish,
 Enters the gloomy mansions of the fish;
 With beard exploring, and with luscious lip,
 He longs the pickle of the seas to sip.
 Rous'd by his tusks the elastic oyster fell,
 Caught close the caitiff's head in wat'ry cell;
 In vain the victim labours to get free,
 From durance hard, and dread captivity:
 Lock'd in the close embrace, ensnar'd he lies,
 In pill'ry safe, pants, struggles, squeaks, and dies.
 Thus the just fate of his own crimes he meets,
 Like rakes expiring in destructive sweets.

Now plac'd on high, the master views the prize,
 And hails the conquest with exulting eyes!

And when beneath sedate he sits and smokes,
 And cracks his nuts, his bottles, or his jokes,
 His tale he tells to grace the Christmas pie,
 And to the trophy'd relics points on high.

TRANSLATION
 OF
 AN ANCIENT EPITAPH,
In the Cloysters of Winchester College.

EPITAPH.

CLAUSUS Johannes jacet hic sub marmore Clarkus,
 Qui fuit hic quondam presbyter et socius.
 In terrâ roseos solitus stillare liquores,
 In cœlo vivis nunc quoque gaudet aquis.

TRANSLATION.

BENEATH this stone lies shut up in the dark,
 A fellow and a priest yclept *John Clark* :
 With *earthly rose-water* he did delight ye,
 But now he deals in *heavenly aqua-vitæ*.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
Presented with a Pair of Silk Stockings,
 TO MISS BELL COOKE, OF ETON.

I.

To please the fair, in courtly lays
 The poet plays his part,
 One tenders snuff, another praise,
 A *tooth-pick*, or a *heart*.

II.

Alike they all, to gain their end,
 Peculiar arts disclose,
 While I, submissive, only send
An humble pair of hose.

III.

Long may they guard from cold and harm
 The snowy legs that wear 'em,
 And kindly spread their influence warm
 To every thing that's near 'em.

IV.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
 Nor move your indignation,
 If I a little partial seem
 In gift or commendation.

V.

Each fair perfection to display
 Would far exceed my charter;
 My modest muse must never stray
 Above the knee or garter.

VI.

And who did e'er a basis view
 So worthy to be prais'd?
 Or from so fair foundation knew
 So fine a fabric rais'd?

VII.

Thou learned leech, sage * * * * say,
 Since spite of drugs and plaisters,
 You now can talk the live-long day
 Of pillars and pilasters;

VIII.

You that for hours have rov'd about,
 Through halls and colonnades,
 And scarce would deign to tread on aught
 But arches and arcades;

IX.

Did you in all your mazy round
 Two nobler pillars view?
 What yielding marble e'er was found
 So exquisitely true?

X.

The swelling dome, with stately show,
 May many fancies please;
 I view, content, what lies below
 The cornice and the frieze.

XI.

The beauteous twins, so fair, so round,
 That bear the noble pile,
 Must sure proceed from *Venus' Mount*,
 Or from *Cythera's Isle*.*

* Two places whence the ancients brought materials for their most noble structures.

XII.

Propitious fates, preserve 'em safe,
 And keep 'em snug together ;
 And grant they may the malice brave
 Of man as well as weather.

XIII.

From luckless love, or rancour base,
 May never ill attend 'em ;
 And grant, whatever be the case,
 That I may still defend 'em.

XIV.

By gentle, gen'rous love, 'tis true,
 They never can miscarry ;
 Nor damage come, nor loss ensue,
 From honest, harmless Harry.

XV.

But should a knight of greater hate,
 Precipitate invade,
 Believe me, BELL, they then may need
 Some seasonable aid.

XVI.

O may I ever be at hand
 From ev'ry harm to screen 'em ;
 Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,
 And live or die between 'em.

EXALTATION;

OR,

THE SIGNATURE OF LOVE.

A Descriptive Pastoral; in the Modern Style.

BENEATH the shadows of a glimmering oak,
 Where conscious meads in soft delusion broke,
 And ancient murmurs, tremblingly awake,
 Repel the neighbouring coolness of the brake;
 Two swains, reclining, sooth'd th' enamour'd tongue,
 And thus, with fragrant vows, their pipes they strung.

STREPHON.

In every grove the various floods combine;
 A thousand beauties bask upon the line;
 The solemn breezes emulate the day;
 But Chloe is the subject of my lay.

CORYDON.

Let thunder, sick'ning, smile upon the ground,
 And mazy beams reflect a dawning sound;
 Let lofty echoes on meanders throng;
 But Phillis is the burthen of my song.

STREPHON.

Chloe's to me more fair than azure sight;
 More soft than heifers melting into light:
 O come, ye swains, and leave th' enamell'd morn;
 The mossy garlands rival your return.

CORYDON.

My Phillis, wond'ring, strives the heat to pierce,
 And smiles precarious through the gay reverse :
 Ye hills and dales, that cheer the verdant sand,
 Bear me where ages float at her command.

STREPHON.

My love, regardless of the vernal main,
 Like honey blushing, variegates my pain ;
 And, like the bee, she smooths the mantled green ;
 Soft as the stars, and as the hills serene.

CORYDON.

My love is like the rural seats above ;
 The canopy of fate is like my love ;
 My love is like the deep, in purple drest,
 And all ambrosia warbles in her breast.

STREPHON.

Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take,
 What thing is that, by kings expell'd the lake,
 Whose airy footsteps faded as they grew,
 Produc'd in silence, yet alive in blue ?

CORYDON.

First tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine,
 What thing is that so daringly divine,
 By reason feather'd, and by nature prest,
 Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unblest ?

MENALCAS.

Enough, enough——O shepherds, your delay
 Retards the fleecy partners of the spray ;

See from yon cloud impending mirrors rise ;
 See how the valleys wanton in the skies !
 From wave to wave reluctant shades appear,
 Revolving swans proclaim the welkin near,
 And aid the breathing surface of the year.

}

EXTEMPORE LETTER

From Captain Thomas, at Bernera, to Captain Price, at Fort Augustus; written just before signing the Peace of Aix la Chapelle.*

“ COME, Thomas, give us t’other sonnet,”
 Dear Captain, pray reflect upon it;—
 Was ever so absurd a thing,
 What, at the pole, to bid me sing?
 Alas! search all those mountains round,
 There’s no Thalia to be found;
 And Fancy, child of southern skies,
 Averse the sullen region flies ———

I scribble verses! why you know
 I left the muses long ago;
 Deserted all the youthful band,
 To right the files, and study Bland.

Indeed in youth’s fantastic prime,
 Misled, I wander’d into rhyme,
 And am’rous sonnets penn’d in plenty,
 On ev’ry nymph from twelve to twenty.

* Formerly Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

Compar'd to roses and to lilies
 The cheeks of Chloe and of Phillis;
 With all the cant you'll find in many
 A still-born modern miscellany.
 My lines, how proud was I to see them
 Steal into Dodsley's New Museum:
 Or in a letter fair and clean
 Committed to the magazine.
 Our follies change; that whim is o'er,
 The bagatelles delight no more.
 Know by these presents, that in fine
 I quit all commerce with the nine!
 Love-strains, and all poetic matters,
 Lampoons, epistles, odes, and satires,
 These toys and trifles I discard,
 And leave the bays to poet Ward.*

No, now to politics confin'd,
 I give up all the busy mind.
 Curious, each pamphlet I peruse,
 And sip my coffee o'er the news;
 But apropos, for last courant
 Pray thank the Lady Governante.
 But what's this rumour in the mail
 From Aix—pho, what is't, la Chapelle?
 A peace unites the jarring pow'rs,
 And ev'ry trade will thrive but our's.
 "Farewell, as wrong'd Othello said,
 "The plumed troops and neighing steed."
 The troops, alas! more havock there
 A peace will make, than all the war.

* An officer in the same regiment.

What crowds of heroes, in a day,
 Reduc'd to starve on half their pay !
 From Lowendahl 'twould pity meet,
 And Saxe himself might weep to see't.
 Already fancy's active power
 Foreruns the near approaching hour.
 Methinks (curs'd chance) the fatal stroke
 I feel, and seem already broke :
 The Park I saunter up and down,
 Or sit upon a bench alone.
 Sneaking and sad—*le juste portrait*
D'un pauvre Cap'taine Reformé ;
 My wig, which shunn'd each ruder wind,
 Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,
 Which John was us'd, with nicest art,
 To comb, and taught the curls to part,
 Lost the belle-air, the jaunty pride,
 Now lank, depends on either side.
 My hat, grown white and rustic o'er,
 Once *bien trousseé* with *Galon d'Or ;*
 My coat distain'd with dust and rain,
 And all my figure quite campaign.
J'm'habille fine with tarnish'd lace,
 And hunger pictur'd in my face ;
 Tavern or coffee-house unwilling
 To give me credit for a shilling ;
 Forbid by every scornful belle,
 The precincts of the gay Rouelle.
 My vows, though breath'd in ev'ry ear,
 Not e'en a chambermaid will hear ;
 No silver in my purse to pay
 For opera ticket, or the play.

No message sent to bid me come
 A fortnight after to a drum.
 No visits or receiv'd or paid ;
 No ball, ridotto, masquerade.
 All pensive, heartless, and chagrin,
 I sit, devoted prey to spleen.

To you, dear Price, indulgent heav'n
 A gentler, happier lot has giv'n ;
 To you has dealt, with bounteous hands,
 Palladian seats, and fruitful lands.
 Then in my sorrows have the grace
 To take some pity of my case,
 And as you know the times are hard,
 Send a spruce valet with a card ;
 Your compliments——and beg I'd dine,
 And taste your mutton and your wine ;
 You'll find most punctual and observant
 Your most oblig'd and humble servant.

NEW MARKET.

A SATIRE.

Πολύπονος ἱππία,
 'Ως ἔμολες αἰανὴ
 Τᾷδ'ε γᾷ.

Sophocl. Elect. 598.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir,
 Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care ;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy ?
 Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
 Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups :
 Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
 His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees ;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can *move*,
 Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove :
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.
 But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
 How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires ;
 How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
 Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame ;
 By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
 O greatly dare to tread *Olympic ground* !

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
 When the good knight at last retir'd to rest !
 Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
 Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park :
 That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
 Those beauties less the work of art than age ;
 In simplest state where genuine nature wears
 Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet
 The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which *Druids* might adore ;
 With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green :
 There the full stream, through intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.

Nor wants there hazel copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun, or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose *Gothic* tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs ;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread ;
Where crested knights, with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd ;
Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air.
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimneys smoke, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r.
At length the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to *rub* the steeds that once he *rode*.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain!
 Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the *magic horse*,*
 He pierc'd heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
 Of young adventurers on the muse's steed;
 For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And our's is but a *race* on *classic ground*.

Long time the child of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus, had carv'd sirloins in peace:
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
 The mild October of a private life:
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground:
 And, deaf to honour's or ambition's call,
 With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, *Taaffe*, thy palms, Portmore!
 Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that "witness huge dismay;"
 When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat,
 Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the *poor's* last refuge, to be *pert*.—

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote, b. ii. chap. 41.

The skiffless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with *dulness* and with *hunger* curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast *equestrian* fires?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy *conscript counsellors* behold;
 (For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a *borough*, from a lucky *bet*,)
 Smit with the love of the *laconic* boot,
 The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
 And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
 See, side by side, his *jockey* and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of *six to one*.
 For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
 How great the pride, to *gain* a jockey's ear!—
 See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy MEMBERS pour amid the mingling RACE!
 All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
 Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke loose?
 Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
 Proud on a *high-bred thing* to risk their necks.—
 Thy *sages* hear, amid th' admiring crowd,
 Adjudge the *stakes*, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious *bets* preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of *distanc'd* horses gravely fix the fate:
 And with paternal care unwearied watch
 O'er the *nice conduct* of a daring *match*.

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise :
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause :
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no *rostrum* but *Newmarket's stand*.

Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
 On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
 Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
 Quit *Europe's balance* for the *jockey's scale*.
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a NATION, or a MATCH is lost?
 Who *dams* and *sires* with more exactness trace,
 Than of their *country's kings* the sacred race :
 Think *London journeys* are the worst of ills ;
Subscribe to ARTICLES, instead of BILLS :
 Strangers to all our *analists* relate,
 Their's are the *memoirs* of th' *equestrian* state :
 Who lost to Albion's past and present views,
 Heber,* thy CHRONICLES alone peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age,
 Whips shall become the *senatorial badge* ;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs ;
 See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad :
 Of *bets* not *taxes*, learnedly debate,
 And guide with equal reins a *steed* or *state*.

* Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c.

How would a virtuous *Houhnhym** neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
 And robb'd of manhood† by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
 Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than human kind;
 A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
 Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
 That hated animal, a *yahoo-squire*.

How are the Therons of these modern days,
 Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays;
 Who, fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
 Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust.
 Their's was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
 Their's was the Theban bard's recording lay.
 What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the
odds?
 They won no *bets*—but then they soar'd to *gods*;
 And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
 Than all th' united *plates* of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.

* Vide Gulliver's Travels. Voyage to the *Houhnhyms*.

† A copy in the Harleian Library reads *horsehood*.

Thy scenes sublime, and awful visions rise,
 In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
 Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
 There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her fated hero's* flashing spear.
 Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureate alleys of Ilissus' spring:
 And lo! where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd *academe*——

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms,
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo! the stern Turk, with more than *vandal* rage,
 Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
 No more her groves by fancy's feet are trod,
 Each attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fall'n is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd Grecia's praise,
 Great nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware,
 Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henries rear
 With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed
 Or of the moral or the martial deed.

* Leonidas.

EPITAPH

To the Pie-House Memory of Nell Batchelor,
AN OXFORD PIE-WOMAN.

I.

HERE deep in the dust
The mouldy old crust
Of Nell Batchelor lately was shoven;
Who was skill'd in the arts
Of pies, puddings, and tarts,
And knew ev'ry use of the oven.

II.

When she liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much prais'd;
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

Written in the late War, 1760.

I WHO with such success—alas ! till
The war came on—have *shav'd* the castle;
Who *by the nose*, with hand unshaken,
The *boldest* heroes oft have *taken*;

In humble strain, am doom'd to mourn
 My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn !
 My *soap* scarce ventures into froth,
 My *razors* rust in idle sloth !
 Wisdom !* to you my verse appeals ;
 You share the griefs your *barber* feels :
 Scarce comes a *student* once a whole age,
 To stock your desolated *college*.
 Our trade how ill an *army* suits !
 This comes of picking up *recruits*.
 Lost is the *robber's* occupation,
 No *robbing* thrives—but of the *nation* :
 For hardy necks no *rope* is twisted,
 And e'en the *hangman's* self is *listed*.—
 Thy publishers, O mighty Jackson !
 With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
 Nor *live* upon a *dying speech*.
 In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
 No more the *castle chaplain* preaches.
 Oh ! were our troops but safely landed,
 And every regiment disbanded !
 They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
 On Henley hill, or Campsfield's plain :
 Destin'd at home, in peaceful state,
 By me *fresh-shav'd*, to meet their fate !

Regard, ye justices of peace !
 The Castle Barber's piteous case :
 And kindly make some snug addition,
 To better his distress'd condition.

* The Governor of Oxford Castle.

Not that I mean, by such expressions,
 To *shave* your *worships* at the *Sessions* ;
 Or would, with vain presumption big,
 Aspire to *comb* the *judge's wig* :
 Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
 Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
 Then think not that I ask amiss ;
 My small request is only this,—
 That I, by leave of Leigh* or Pardo,†
 May, with the Castle—*shave* Bocardo.

Thus, as at *Jesus* oft I've heard,
 Rough servitors in *Wales* preferr'd,
 The *Jones's*, *Morgans*, and *Ap-Rices*,
 Keep *fiddles* with their *benefices*.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

Ikci, beatis nunc Arabum invides

Gazis, &c.

L. i. Ode xxix.

So you, my friend, at last are caught —
 Where could you get so strange a thought,
 In mind and body sound?
 All meaner studies you resign,
 Your whole ambition now to shine
 The beau of the beau-monde.

* The then Master of Balliol College.

† Principal of Jesus College.

Say, gallant youth, what well-known name
Shall spread the triumphs of your fame

Through all the realms of *Drury*?

How will you strike the gaping cit?

What tavern shall record your wit?

What watchmen mourn your fury?

What sprightly imp of Gallic breed
Shall have the culture of your head,

(I mean the outward part)

Form'd by his parents early care

To range in nicest curls the hair,

And wield the puff with art?

No more let mortals toil in vain,

By wise conjecture to explain

What rolling time will bring :

Thames to his source may upwards flow,

Or Garrick six feet high may grow,

Or witches thrive at Tring :

Since you each better promise break,

Once fam'd for slov'nliness and Greek,

Now turn'd a very Paris,

For lace and velvet quit your gown,

The Stagyrte for Mr. Town,*

For Drury-lane St. Mary's:

* Author of the Connoisseur.

S O N G.

GIVE ear, and a comical story I'll tell,
 'Tis of an old doctor you know very well,
 Who, though as grave as a saint, got drunk as all hell.
 Tol de rol, lol, &c.

It was on a Sunday, as all have agreed,
 For the doctor he held it a part of his creed,
 That the better the day, the better the deed.

He sat, and he drank, and he toasted old Cripsey,
 But he never suspected he e'er should grow tipsey,
 He bung'd *cum seipso* till he was not *seipse*.

And when he had gotten as drunk as ten bears,
 He put on his surplice, and stagger'd down stairs,
 Though not able to speak, yet resolv'd to read pray'rs.

To the desk then he came, and bow'd low on each
 side,
 I will rise and will go to my father, he cry'd;
 But stumbled, and prov'd that he damnably lied.

To the psalms then he got, but would you know how,
 He spew'd on King David, and likely I trow,
 For he was as drunk as was David's old sow.

To the collects he got then, with much hesitation,
 While the audience all were in great expectation,
 Instead of a pray'r came an ejaculation.

And now with respect to the gown and the band,
 How bravely must flourish the church of this land,
 Supported by pillars not able to stand!

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

EPITAPH ON PARKER HALL,

Born and executed at Oxford.

HERE lies Parker Hall, and what is more rarish,
 He was born, bred, and hang'd in St. Thomas's parish.

EPIGRAM,

*Occasioned by part of St. Mary's Church, in Oxford, being
 converted into a Law School.*

YES, yes, you may rail at the Pope as you please,
 But trust me that *miracles* never will *cease*.
 See here—an event, that no *mortal* suspected!
 See LAW and DIVINITY closely *connected*!
 Which proves the old proverb, long reckon'd so odd,
 That “the *nearest* the CHURCH the *farthest* from GOD.”

VERSES

OF

THE OXFORD NEWSMEN,

From the Year 1754 to the Year 1772.

VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1754.

~~~~~

HAIL to this joyful season of the year,  
Welcome alike to ploughman and to peer!  
The busy housewife, with domestic cares,  
The sweet plum-porridge and the pie prepares.  
Delicious draughts the flowing bowls afford,  
And the fat surloin smokes upon the board.  
Now while your hearts with generous joys run o'er,  
The neat-clad 'prentice trips from door to door:  
And can ye to their hands a gift refuse,  
Who comb your perukes, or japan your shoes?  
Now too, inspir'd with hopes of a reward,  
The *bellman* spurns at prose, and soars a bard:  
While his slow bell at midnight hour he chimes,  
Streets, lanes, and alleys, ring with lofty rhymes.  
Shall not we *newsmen* then, known men of letters,  
Turn poets at this time to please our betters?

Yet do not deem your servants vainly bold,  
 Since many a tale of others we have told,  
 If once in verse our merits we unfold.

In frost, in snow, in tempest, and in rain,  
 Up the steep hill, and o'er the miry plain,  
 Patient we trudge; nor e'er the toils refuse,  
 Sweltering with noon-day suns to bring you news.  
 Our weekly sheets each circumstance relate,  
 And shew of *jews* and *marriages*\* the fate.  
 From us you learn what France and Spain devise,  
 From us what murders, fires, rapes, robberies,  
 Who wed, is born, is christen'd, or who dies.  
 This common praise with others we inherit,  
 But we may plead to you superior merit.  
 The various feuds of *interest old* and *new*,†  
 And who the *green* upholds, and who the *blue*,  
 We only can inform you; cautious steering  
 In the vast *ocean* of *electioneering*.

Masters! howe'er inclin'd to our petition,  
 Or *green*, or *blue*, oh! make not opposition.  
 We join no party, praise not or revile,  
 Nor e'er perplex our brains about the *style*.‡  
 Reward our labours, and but grant our boon,  
 We shall not think that Christmas comes too soon.

\* Alluding to the Jew and Marriage Bills, which passed the preceding Session. The first of these proved so unpopular as to be immediately repealed.

† The great contest in Oxfordshire was at this time depending, and the parties were respectively distinguished by *old* and *new interest*, or *greens* and *blues*.

‡ The alteration of the style had lately taken place.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1755.

THE hallow'd season, and the joyful time,  
 In which I us'd to greet you all with rhyme,  
 Is now return'd—to crown the expectation  
 Of those who follow the Mercurial station:  
 Your bounty then, which freely you impart,  
 Lives a whole twelvemonth in a grateful heart;  
 Quickens our steps, and makes us faster go,  
 And pay with diligence what you bestow:  
 When something of importance 'tis we bring,  
 Your goodness gives to every heel a wing:  
 Not winds or waters can impede our way;  
 Nor even earthquakes can prolong our stay.  
 Though *those*, we must confess, are *dreadful* things!  
 And Lisbon's desolation\* upwards brings.  
 Lisbon! that shone about some two months since,  
 Th' imperial city of a potent prince;  
 But now—no more. Her palaces are laid  
 As low as earth, and almost atoms made.  
 Turrets that lately dar'd to brave the sky,  
 Now undistinguish'd with the rubbish lie,  
 And can't pretend with cottages to vie. }  
 May heaven defend us from such evils *here*!  
 And punish sin a little less severe.  
 And, if we may extend a *newsman's* prayers,—  
 Confound the French,† and all their false affairs!  
 That by next Christmas we may carols sing,  
 To peace and plenty, conquest and our king.

\* The dreadful earthquake at Lisbon.

† A war with France is now commenced.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1756.

As longing bridegrooms, join'd to heav'nly fair,  
 Think moments months; each minute a long year;  
 Wish the day spent, to make exchange of hearts,  
 When Colin kindly mutual love imparts;  
 Thanks the kind gods who gave him Phoebe fair,  
 Since all his happiness is centred *there*.  
 —So long'd your *newsman* for this joyous tide,  
 (For which geese suffer, and the pigs have cried)  
 That he may to his customers rehearse,  
 In very humble, very home-spun verse,  
 How the wild Indians, savages forlorn!  
 (Virginia's curse, that ever such were born)  
 How they make head!—our settlements disturb!  
 Till Britain's rous'd, their insolence to curb.  
 But mark th' event—See Washington advance!  
 And Winslow\* too!—that *other foe to France*!  
 —How *they attack*!—make a retreat *more wise*!  
 And, *patient* wait—Great Britain's *known supplies*.

But what, good Sirs! says honest Ferdinando?  
 The *bravest men* can do—but what they can do?  
*All this* was done—and, farther be it known,  
 If nought we've *gain'd*, we *hope* to save our own.

On *home affairs* I'll not say much,  
 (*My Paper*† gives 'em all a touch)

\* Our commanders in America at this time.

† The Oxford Journal.



There you will find who's *out*, or *in* ;  
 When the House rises, when it sits again :  
 When madam brings a darling son ;  
 At court—how *neatly* things are done !  
*Who* wants a place, and *who* a pension,  
 (*But these are things I scarce dare mention*)  
 How some folks rise, whilst others fall ;  
 Your *newsman* brings account of all :  
 Nor shall the *patriot* be forgot,  
 The man *who sits* ; or, *who sits not* :  
 Advice in *this* is worth my care ;  
 —I hope you'll *like the bill of fare*.

But ere I end, I beg you'll think  
 How far I've walk'd, with little drink ;  
 How bad the roads ! how cold the weather !  
 Two greater ills can't meet together :  
 Yet please to let me taste your bounty,  
 As heretofore, my friend I'll count ye :  
 Then travel on, nor fear disasters,  
 Till Christmas next, to serve my masters.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1757.

WE *newsmen*, last week, (you'd have laugh'd had  
 you seen us)  
 Met together, these verses to make up between us :  
 For we, like the *bellman*, you know, at this season,  
 Must address you in verse, though without rhyme  
 or reason.

Quoth Lochard,\* for Lochard, (perhaps you mayn't know it)

When inspir'd by ale, is a very good poet——

“ Shall we be dumb, while other *newsmen* sing

“ The glorious deeds of Prussia's mighty king?

“ Shall we be dumb, when all who carry news

“ For Raikes or Pocock,† will this subject choose :

“ As how in Germany he got the day ;

“ As how the king of Poland ran away.

“ Shall we be dumb, when spite of general Blake-  
ney,

“ Minorca,‡ O Minorca!—French have taken ye ?

“ And shall we not lament the price of grain,

“ We that have mouths to eat—and to complain ?”

Thus Lochard spoke in high heroic rhymes :

Quoth another——“ But why must we talk of the times ?

“ The subject is stale, and our verse only shews

“ What Jackson each week has said better in prose.

“ To move the kind hearts of our masters and mis-  
tresses,

“ Let us talk of our own, not the national distresses.”

Then judge, my mistresses, my masters judge,

What hardships we endure, who patient trudge

Through wind and wet, with scarce a coat our  
backs on,

To bring you *Journals* every week from Jackson.

\* A very singular character as a Newsmen.

† Printers of the Gloucester and Reading Papers.

‡ General Blakeney commanded at Minorca, when that place was taken by the French in the year 1756.

Weeks *fifty-one* without a gift we've reckon'd;  
 O don't refuse us in the *fifty-second*!  
 To your good healths, who let us have the chink,  
 We *newsmen*, as in duty bound, shall *drink*.

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### VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1758.

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ANOTHER halfpenny upon *news-papers*!  
 Faith, 'twas enough to give us all the vapours.  
 Our master Jackson vow'd it was a sin,  
 And nobody would take his Paper in.  
 To raise the price he thought it was not right,  
 And he himself *not get a farthing by't*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 Some folks, he fear'd, would make it a pretence  
 To leave his Journal off, and save their pence.  
 And yet he hop'd you would not think it dear;  
 It is but *two and two-pence in a year*.

Thanks to his care, (and our's too, let me add)  
 We have as many masters as we had:  
 Nay more, if you'll believ't—and where's the wonder?  
 In times so full of battles, blood, and plunder!  
 You country folks, that live so far from town,  
 And have no *London Papers* sent you down,  
 Without our Journal never would have known  
 What's done in other nations, and our own.

\* An Act had just taken place for doubling the duty on newspapers.

We told you when our fleet first sought the main,  
 O shame to England! and came back again.  
 What the Gazette itself did never mention,  
 We told you of the *Hanover Convention*.\*

O for a muse from Oxford, whilst I sing  
 The glorious deeds of Prussia's mighty king!  
 To tell the wond'rous battles he has won:  
 But hold—this is too lofty—I have done:—

Though master print his Papers every week,  
 Did we not bring them, you would be to seek.  
 Think then, O think, what hardships we do bear,  
 What toils we undergo throughout the year;  
 With pleasure we reflect on troubles past,  
 And now rejoice that Christmas comes at last.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1759.

LET *common* Newsmen *common strains* indite,  
 Alas! poor souls, where should they learn to write?  
 But we of Oxford boast superior knowledge,  
 Where learning flows from every hall and college.  
 Scholars indeed we know not, but are known  
 To most of those that wait upon the gown:  
 All vers'd in arts, and deeply read in books,  
*Bedmakers, butlers, manciples, and cooks:*

\* The Convention of Closter Seven, in the Electorate of Hanover; in consequence of which the late Duke of Cumberland took umbrage, and quitted the army.

Oh! could we learn from hence the happy art,  
 To touch with pity every reader's heart!  
 Now while each journeyman and 'prentice flocks,  
 For annual favours, and a *Christmas box*,  
 We beg the same; attempting to repay  
 Our masters' bounty with an humble lay:  
 Though paid in empty *rhymes*, the *coin* excuse,  
 No better *coin* is current with the muse.

Each vast event our varied page supplies,  
 The *fall of princes*, and the *rise of pies*:  
*Patriots* and *'squires* learn here with little cost,  
 Or when a *kingdom*, or a *match* is lost;  
 Both sexes here approv'd receipts peruse,  
 Hence *belles* may *clean their teeth*,—or *beaux* their  
*shoes*.

From us inform'd, Britannia's farmers tell  
 How Louisbourg\* by British thunder fell;  
 'Tis we that sound to all the trump of fame,  
 And babes lisp Amherst's and Boscawen's name.  
 The *clerk* and *sexton* England's *navy* boast,  
 Denouncing ruin to the Gallic coast;  
 Glad traders see the fate of Senegal,  
 And Clive's new *nabob* given to Bengal;  
 Prussia's great prince with bumpers deep they hail,  
 While every village quaffs its *Christmas ale*:  
 All the four quarters of the globe conspire  
 Our news to fill, and raise your glory higher;  
 While you sit pleas'd, each enterprize to scan,  
 Which *arms* can execute, or *Pitt* can plan.

\* Taken by General Wolfe.

# VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1760.

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THINK of the *palms*, my masters dear !  
 That crown this memorable year !  
 Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,  
 To Britain's *heroes*, brisk and bold ;  
 While into rhyme I strive to turn all  
 The fam'd events of many a *Journal*.

France feeds her sons on meagre soup,  
 'Twas hence they lost their Guadaloup :  
 What though they dress so fine and ja'nty,  
 They could not keep Marigalante.  
 Their forts in Afric could not repel  
 The thunder of undaunted Keppel ;  
 Brave commodore ! how we adore ye  
 For giving us success at Goree.  
 Ticonderoga, and Niagara,  
 Make each true Briton sing *O rare a !*  
 I trust the taking of Crown Point  
 Has put French courage out of joint.  
 Can we forget the timely check  
 Wolfe gave the scoundrels at Quebec ?\*—  
 That name has stopp'd my glad career,—  
 Your faithful Newsman drops a tear !—

But other triumphs still remain,  
 And rouse to glee my rhymes again.

\* Before this place fell the brave Wolfe ; yet with the satisfaction of first hearing that his troops were victorious. The other places here enumerated were conquests of the preceding year.

On Minden's plains, ye meek *Mounseers*!  
 Remember Kingsley's grenadiers!  
 You vainly thought to *ballarag* us  
 With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos:  
 But when Boscawen came, La Clue\*  
 Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.  
 Conflans,\* all cowardice and puff,  
 Hop'd to demolish hardy Duff:  
 But soon unlook'd-for guns o'eraw'd him,  
 Hawke darted forth, and nobly *claw'd* him.  
 And now their vaunted Formidable  
 Lies captive to a British cable.  
 Would you demand the glorious cause  
 Whence Britain every trophy draws?  
 You need not puzzle long your wit;—  
 Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1761.

WHILE each true Briton drops a tear  
 On GEORGE's melancholy bier,†  
 Shall not we loyal Newsmen shew  
 Some mark sincere of social woe?  
 We that on paper wings on high  
 Have taught his victories to fly,  
 Outstripping e'en imagination  
 To spread glad tidings through the nation;

\* The French Admirals.

† George the Second died in October, 1760.

When Canada was made our own,  
 When Prussia's arms had conquer'd Daun;  
 Whene'er on land we've victors been,  
 Or gather'd laurels on the main.  
 Thus though we justly boast of merit,  
 We cannot shew a proper spirit,  
 Unless the exhilarating bowl  
 Conspires to warm the drooping soul:  
 And drinking renders us unable  
 To clothe ourselves in coats of sable:  
 Therefore, good Sirs, or Whig or Tory,  
 We beg to lay our case before ye;  
 And above all our worthy masters,  
 We first address the parish pastors,  
 To give a cast-off suit for mourning,  
 Of which we'll pay th' expence of turning;  
 So shall we Newsmen catch the mode,  
 Nor trudge in rags along the road  
 As heretofore:—Hence snow and rain  
 Assail our hardy limbs in vain.

And now, while ev'ry table's found  
 With choicest Christmas dainties crown'd,  
 While you enjoy with wishful eyes,  
 The rich plum-pudding, beef, and pies;  
 Once more let's share your gen'rous treat,  
 With money make our purse replete;  
 We'll bless the bounty you afford,  
 And hail the reign of GEORGE the Third.



## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1762.

WHILE Jackson tells, in weekly prose,  
 How Britain triumphs o'er her foes;  
 Your Newsman comes, in annual rhymes  
 To paint the glories of the times.

First then, a foaming tankard bring,  
 Sacred to GEORGE our youthful king,  
 Nor o'er your Newsman's pipe and pot  
 Shall fairest CHARLOTTE be forgot;  
 Than whom (God bless them!) more renown'd  
 A princely pair were never crown'd!  
 Had I, poor Newsman, but been able  
 To see them dine at Lord Mayor's table,  
 I'm sure I should have strove and thrust hard  
 To carry off a single custard.—  
 Come, all inferior heroes stand by,  
 For here's a health to glorious Granby;  
 Whose cannons make most noble harmony  
 Amongst the poor *Mounseers* in *Jarmony*;  
 But if his name won't make ye smile,  
 Think of our trophies at *Belleisle*.  
 The French, from Brest, about invading  
 Are always puffing and parading;  
 Those *puffs* are all too weak, I doubt,  
 To *blow* their half-mann'd navy *out*.  
 Come, let each Englishman be merry  
 At our subduing Pondicherry;  
 Whose forts awhile stood shilly shally,  
 'Till Coote was found too tough for Lally.

Sure it deserves of punch a sneaker,  
 To drink our fleet at *Martineaker* ;  
 Which if 'tis took, we hope to tip ye  
 The news of conquering *Mississippi*.  
 Then soon all threats of war will vanish  
 From fleets and armies, French or Spanish.

Such are the conquests England won  
 In the fam'd year of *sixty-one*.  
 'Twas then she triumph'd, as she ought,  
 For, sent by Pitt, her heroes fought !

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1763.

THE peace is made at last——Heigh ho !  
 The folks above would have it so !  
 Sure they were mov'd with strange vagaries  
 To sign so soon *preliminaries*.  
 'Tis mighty odd the Parliament  
 Should not petition our consent.  
 We were in hopes, since Keppel's thunder  
 Had got the haughty Spaniards under,  
 That some new conquest would arrive  
 To make us hungry Newsmen thrive ;  
 And that another *siege* would come,  
 To clothe our squalling brats at home.

But since upon our *columns four*  
 We grave new victories no more ;  
 Since now *blockades, capitulations,*  
*Fleets, countermarches, camps, invasions,*

By sea, by land, with many a drub,  
 Amuse no more the weekly club,  
 We must attempt to entertain  
 Your fancies in another strain :—  
 Our troops at Portsmouth safely landed,  
 And every regiment disbanded ;  
 Those sons of Mars on Hounslow's plain  
 Will make, I trust, a *new campaign* :  
 Hence we new paragraphs shall fetch,  
 And shew you that great *general*, KETCH,  
 Leading his heroes on to die  
 Without one shrug, or feature wry.  
 We'll shew you many a *country village*  
 Left naked to the soldier's *pillage* ;  
 Instead of *towns*, where Granby thunder'd,  
 We shall exhibit—*henroosts* plunder'd :—  
 Look sharp, good women, to your *geese* !  
 These are the blest effects of *peace* !  
 In short, whatever paragraph  
 Shall make you cry, or make you laugh,  
 'Tis your's to make your Newsman happy,  
 This Christmas, with a cup of nappy.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1764.

MY masters all, we *men of news*  
 Once more present our yearly muse ;  
 Who tells you, with her usual lore,  
 What to expect in *sixty-four*.

What though with trumpets, drums, and guns,  
 Your ears no more our Journal stuns,  
 We now shall ope a *new campaign*,  
 New bloody wars—on Britain's plain;  
 Big with the riots and the ronts  
 Of those fam'd *chiefs*—the *ins* and *outs*:  
 Shall shew you more surprising tricks  
 Of *ambuscades* in *politics*;  
 Th' *attack*, *retreat*, and *countermarch*,  
 Of many a politician arch.  
 But whether Englishman or Scot  
 Should be prime-minister or not;  
 Whether our paper pleas'd you most  
 When Pitt victorious *ru'd the roast*;  
 Whether we best shall shew our duty  
 In drinking Wilkes—or drinking Bute t' ye;  
 Though much is said on either side,  
 We take not on us to decide:  
 We newsmen are of neither party,  
 Alone for England's welfare hearty;  
 Impartial we record the *fall*  
 Of *rogues* and *robbers*—*great* and *small*:  
 Nor Britons *North*, nor *South* are we;  
 Our *cause* is *George* and *liberty*.  
 The *bellman*, with his annual rhyme,  
 Your favour gains, this Christmas time;  
 And sure you'll own, if truth you tell,  
 In *verse* we *Newsmen* bear the *bell*.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1765.

HARD times indeed!—We *men of news*,  
 Who here present our yearly muse,  
 Once hop'd our poetry to raise,  
 When peace had sent us happier days;  
 For peace, we thought, would in her train  
 Bring plenty back to Britain's plain.—  
 A peace d'ye call it?—Sure 'tis worse  
 Than even war's severest curse.  
 What's the advantage hence we reap?  
 Say, has it made provisions cheap?  
 Scarce can we now afford to meet  
 And share our annual *Sheep's Head treat*.  
 These troubles are a grievous tax on  
 The *publishers* of master Jackson.

Oh! had we newsmen rul'd the helm,  
 While vict'ry blest this happy realm,  
 Nor Spanish *Dons*, nor French *Mounseers*,  
 Had left all parties by the ears:—  
 Our *peace* had still been nam'd with glory,  
 By growling Whig and ranting Tory:—  
 'Not that we deem it meet to boast,  
 Yet did we newsmen *rule the roast*,  
 We'd shew our skill in reformation,  
 Throughout the *markets* of the nation.

Meanwhile then, make *us statesmen* happy  
 This Christmas, with a cup of nappy:

Bring forth your punch, your strong, and stale,  
 The shiv'ring newsman's sure regale :  
 Nor let the authors of these rhymes  
 Find your *hearts*—*harder* than the *times*.

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## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1766.

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WHERE Captain Jolly's *House of Lords*,  
 At eve a snug retreat affords,  
 Amid the clouds of many a pipe,  
 Porter our drink, our supper tripe,  
 Like solemn ministers of state  
 We newsmen held a grand debate,  
 How best this year, to entertain  
 The public with a Christmas strain ;  
 How best to tell our noble masters  
 Of all our dangers and disasters :  
 Each, o'er his pint, propos'd his plan,  
 And thus the consultation ran :—

Says Bob, a politician bold,  
 “ I think our griefs might best be told  
 “ By shewing, to the nation's ruin,  
 “ What mischief folks above are brewing !  
 “ On us these ills are sure to fall,  
 “ We helpless newsmen feel 'em all !  
 “ Inclosures, and the cider-tax,  
 “ Have half already broke our backs ;  
 “ While all our future hopes are vanish'd  
 “ Now William's dead, and Wilkes is banish'd.”

Says Sam,—“ My lads—our pots, let’s fill ’em—  
 “ And now you mention brave Duke Will’em,  
 “ Suppose, to better our condition,  
 “ The country parsons we petition,  
 “ To give us, if they’ll *bear* the turning,  
 “ Their cast-off coats to make us mourning.”  
 Says Teague, “ Aye, now by *Jasus*, honey,  
 “ If by your *varses* you’d get money,  
 “ Pray tell your customers, although  
 “ ’Tis what *already* they must know,  
 “ That *corn* is so *extremely* dear,  
 “ Our *ale* is quite become *small beer*:—  
 “ Sooner than thus I’ll spend my penny,  
 “ I’ll join the *white-boys* at *Kilkenny* :  
 “ Rather, while such distresses wait us,  
 “ I’d starve on *unexcis’d potatoes*. ”

While thus, uncertain what to say,  
 We pass’d the tedious hours away,  
 And whiff’d our pipes, and turn’d our caxons,  
 Pop comes a *devil* in from Jackson’s,  
 And threw these lines before us down,  
 Sent by some poet of the gown,  
 Who, though a member of the *varsity*,  
 Pities us in these times of scarcity.—  
 “ My masters kind, whom choicest liquors bless,  
 “ Reward your newsman’s well-design’d address !  
 “ Oh, think how ill we fare, how oft we fast,  
 “ To whom *sheep’s trotters* are a rich repast !  
 “ Regard our wants, who travel cold and wet,  
 “ To crown your breakfasts with a week’s gazette !  
 “ Who, while the snows descend, the tempest roars,  
 “ Convey the fate of nations to your doors !—

" Though Jackson's weekly pen our Paper frame,  
 " To us he owes one half of all his fame;  
 " We lend a hand to lift him to the skies,  
 " And on our *wings* abroad his Journal flies."

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## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1767.

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DISMAL the news which Jackson's yearly bard  
 Each circling Christmas brings—" *The times are  
 hard!*"

There was a time when Granby's grenadiers  
 Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French Mounseers;  
 When every week produc'd some lucky hit,  
 And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.  
 We newsmen *drank*—as England's heroes *fought*,  
 While every victory procur'd—a *pot*.  
*Abroad*, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain,  
*At home*, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.  
 Then ran in numbers free the *Newsman's Verses*,  
 Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.  
 But now no more the stream of plenty flows,  
 No more new conquests warm the Newsman's nose.  
 Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,  
 Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.  
 All hope is fled, our families are undone,  
 Provisions all are carry'd up to London;  
 Our copious granaries distillers thin,  
 Who raise our *bread*—but do not cheapen *gin*.  
 Th' effects of *exportation* still we rue;—  
 I wish th' *exporters* were *exported* too!  
 In every pot-house is unpaid our score,  
 And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!



Yet still in store some happiness remains,  
 Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.  
 Misfortunes past no longer I repeat——  
 George has declar'd—that we again shall *eat*.  
 Sweet Willhelminy, spite of wind and tide,  
 Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride :  
 She's gone !—but there's another in her stead,  
 For of a princess Charlotte's brought to bed :—  
 Oh, could I but have one single sup,  
 One single *sniff*, at Charlotte's *caudle-cup* !  
 I hear—God bless it !—'tis a charming girl,  
 So here's her health in half-a-pint of purl.

But much I fear this rhyme-exhausted song  
 Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long.  
 Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,  
 And bake these lines beneath a Christmas pie !

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## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1763.

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STILL shall the Newsman's annual rhymes  
 Complain of *taxes* and the *times* ?  
 Each year our copies shall we make on  
 The price of butter, bread, and bacon ?  
 Forbid it, all ye pow'rs of verse !  
 A happier subject I rehearse.  
 Farewell distress, and gloomy cares !  
 A merrier theme my muse prepares.  
 For lo ! to save us, on a sudden,  
 In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,

Though late, *electioneering* comes!—  
 Strike up, ye trumpets, beat, ye drums!  
 At length we change our wonted note,  
 And feast, all winter, on a vote.  
 Sure, canvassing was never hotter!  
 But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter,\*  
 At this grand crisis will succeed,  
 We *freemen* have not yet decreed.—  
 Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,  
 To hear us talk of *member-making*!  
 Yet know, that we direct the state;  
 On us depends the nation's fate.—  
 What though some doctor's cast-off wig  
 O'ershades my pate, not worth a fig;  
 My whole apparel in decay;  
 My beard unshav'd—on New Year's Day;  
 In me behold (the land's protector)  
 A *freeman*, *newsman*, and *elector*!  
 Though cold, and all unshod my toes,  
 My breast for Britain's freedom glows:  
 Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,  
 It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.

Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is,  
 By jovial cups, each evening, *gratis*;  
 Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,  
 The customs of the coming year:—  
 In answer to this short *epistle*,  
 Your tankard send, to whet our whistle.

\* Candidates for the City of Oxford.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1769.

WE men of news, in former days,  
 Had glorious subjects for our lays :  
 The mutton pies\* of witty Ben  
 Employ'd, each year, our constant pen ;  
 And oft our Christmas carol sung  
 The joint renown of Jolly Young.—  
 Such were the newsman's strains of yore !  
 But mutton pies are now no more :  
 And (theme too high for humble writer)  
 Lo ! Captain Jolly keeps the Mitre.  
 Meantime, our soldiers and commanders  
 Sent us brave paragraphs from Flanders ;  
 And oft our tars, for conquest eager,  
 Prov'd beef superior to soup meagre :  
 While into rhyme we strove to turn all  
 The fam'd events of many a Journal.  
 Our poets too, ne'er known to flinch,  
 Who help'd us often at a pinch,  
 Though brisk and merry once as grigs,  
 Are now grave dons in grizzle wigs.  
 And is there now no rising wit,  
 With love of verse and porter smit ;  
 No *freshman* intimate with Jackson  
 Whom we may lay this annual tax on ?  
 Ah ! what, my masters, can we do,  
 Our subjects lost and poets too :—  
 Subjects there are, I grant ye, still,  
 But all above our grey-goose quill :

\* See page 13, et seq.

'The visit of the *Royal Dane*,\*  
 The travels of the *Northern Thane*,†  
 Queen Charlotte's happy *lying-in*,  
 The trophies of triumphant Glynn,‡  
 Our patron Wilkes, in durance vile,—  
 Demand a more exalted style.

What then, to close our song, remains?  
 But that, in unambitious strains,  
 We send a wish, that jovial cheer  
 May usher in the coming year;  
 That peace and plenty both agree  
 To make us honest, rich, and free:  
 To wipe away, as heretofore,  
 The *nation's* and the *newsman's* score:  
 That fortune's fairest rays may shine  
 To gild the dawn of *sixty-nine*.

## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now *petitions* are in fashion  
 With the first patriots of the nation;  
 In spirit high, in pocket low,  
 We patriots of the Butcher-Row,  
 Thus, like our betters, ask redress  
 For high and mighty grievances,  
 Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those  
 Which oft our Journal gives in prose:—

\* King of Denmark.

† Lord Bute.

‡ Elected.

“ Ye rural ’squires, so plump and sleek,  
 “ Who study—Jackson, once a week ;  
 “ While now your hospitable board  
 “ With cold sirloin is amply stor’d,  
 “ And old October, nutmeg’d nice,  
 “ Send us a tankard and a slice !  
 “ Ye country parsons, stand our friends,  
 “ While now the driving sleet descends !  
 “ Give us your antiquated canes,  
 “ To help us through the miry lanes ;  
 “ Or with a rusty grizzle wig  
 “ This Christmas deign our pates to rig.  
 “ Ye noble gemmen of the gown,  
 “ View not our verses with a frown !  
 “ But, in return for *quick despatches*,  
 “ Invite us to your buttery hatches !  
 “ Ye too, whose houses are so handy,  
 “ For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy ;  
 “ Pride of fair Oxford’s gaudy streets,  
 “ You too our strain submissive greets !  
 “ Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harper !\*  
 “ The weather sure was never sharper :—  
 “ Matron of matrons, *Mother Baggs* !  
 “ Dram your poor Newsman, clad in rags !  
 “ Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,  
 “ The *nation’s*—and the *newsman’s* ruin :  
 “ ’Tis your’s our sorrows to remove ;  
 “ And if thus generous ye prove,  
 “ For friends so good we’re bound to pray  
 “ Till—next returns a New Year’s Day !”

\* Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford.

“ *Given at our melancholy cavern,  
 “ The cellar of the Sheep’s Head Tavern.”*

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## VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1771.

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DELICIOUS news—a war with Spain !  
 New rapture fires our Christmas strain,  
 Behold, to strike each Briton’s eyes,  
 What bright victorious scenes arise !  
 What paragraphs of English glory  
 Will master Jackson set before ye !  
 The governor of Buenos Ayres  
 Shall dearly pay for his vagaries ;  
 For whether North, or whether Chatham,  
 Shall rule the roast, we must have at ’em :  
 Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—  
 Ere long, will make the nation mellow :—  
 Our late trite themes we view with scorn,  
 Bellas the bold, and parson Horne :  
 Nor more, through many a tedious winter,  
 The triumphs of the patriot *squinter*,  
 The *ins* and *outs*, with cant eternal,  
 Shall crowd each column of our Journal.  
 After a dreary season past,  
 Our turn to live is come at last :  
 Gen’rals, and admirals, and Jews,  
 Contractors, printers, *men of news*,  
 All thrive by war, and line their pockets,  
 And leave the works of peace to blockheads.

But stay, my muse, this hasty fit—  
 The war is not declar'd as yet :  
 And we, though now so blithe we sing,  
 May all be *press'd* to serve the king !  
 Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,  
 Produce your hospitable cheer :—  
 While we, with much sincere delight,  
 (Whether we publish news—or fight)  
 Like England's undegenerate sons,  
 Will drink—" Confusion to the Dons !"

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### VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1772.

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WHILE we full sadly labour through the winter,  
 How nobly thrives our Journal's honour'd printer !  
 A lucky dog, and born to save his bacon,  
 Behold, the King's Head Tavern he has taken !  
 There with new almanacks he cuts a flash,  
 And magazines adorn the new-made sash.  
 What though, as if the house had still a sign,  
 His cellar's stor'd with brandy, rum, and wine,  
 In such rich draughts our cares *we* seldom drown—  
 He keeps them for his *authors* of the gown.  
 Correctors, puffers, paragraph-composers,  
 Scribblers and scribes, your poets and your prozers ;  
 Lo, these (so cross of human things the fate is !)  
 Each eve frequent our master's Tavern *gratis* :  
 While we, who lend his Journal wings to soar  
 Higher than journal ever flew before,

Our spirits down, our wigs without a curl,  
Can scarce procure a scanty pint of purl.

Yet still some hopes of future luck remain  
In store—methinks I spy a war with Spain.  
Jackson! too long thy Journal has been full  
Of Jews, of duchesses, of Wilkes and Bull;  
And sure, although I think he seems to tune us,  
We've had enough of that sly rascal Jun'us:  
A war would give new spirit to our Paper,  
And make our master and his newsmen caper.

But let us look at home—and fortune there  
A more propitious aspect seems to wear:  
The *Paving Act* though many a poor man rues,  
It brings some comfort to us *men of news*:  
Rare tidings for the wretch whose lingering score  
Remains unpaid—Bocardo\* is no more!  
Nor more, where many a *publisher* has stood,  
The pillory\* uprears its yoke of wood:  
Nay ev'n the stocks,\* where, having quaff'd our fill,  
We sate in state, have left the *city-hill*:  
To crown the whole, and what you all must know,  
The *hangman* was enlisted long ago.†

Yet ah! 'mid real sorrows and vexations,  
How vain are all such flattering consolations!  
Can hopes of happier times our wants remove?  
A present help can expectation prove;

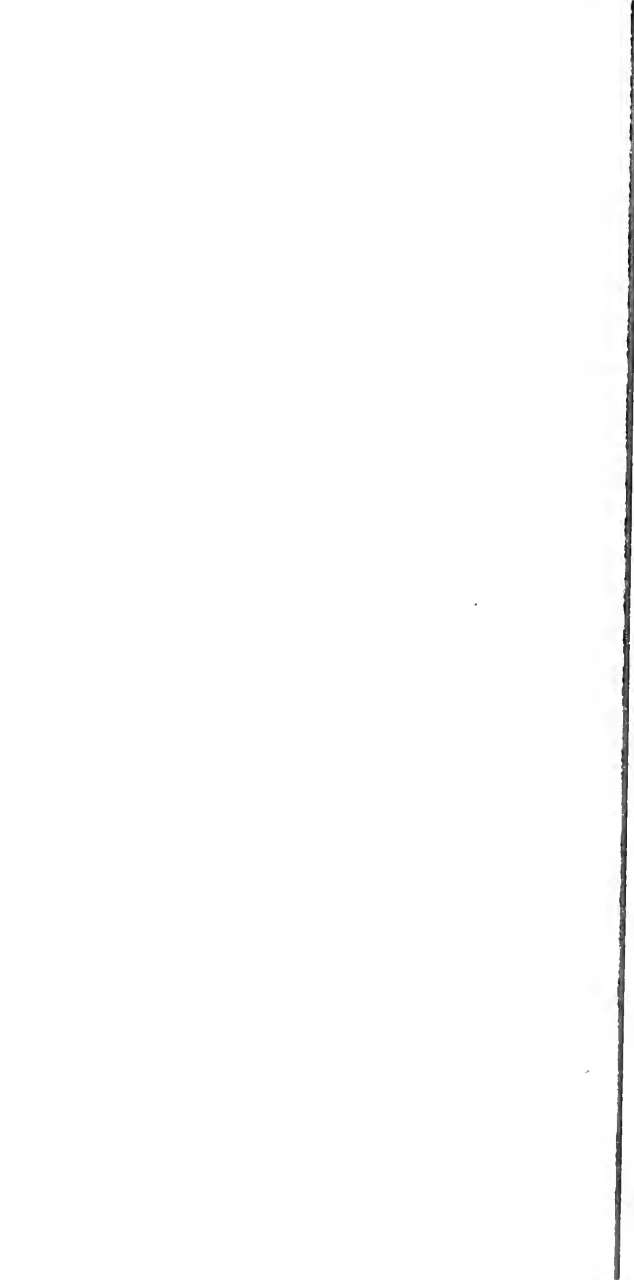
\* The City gaol, &c. taken down by the Oxford Paving Act.

† See page 140.



Therefore, my masters, your relief afford,  
Nor shut the Newsman from your Christmas board!  
Your bounty yet was never known to fail us,  
Come then, as usual, dram us, punch us, ale us;  
And, not averse to this our song's design,  
At least permit us once a year to *dine*.

FINIS.



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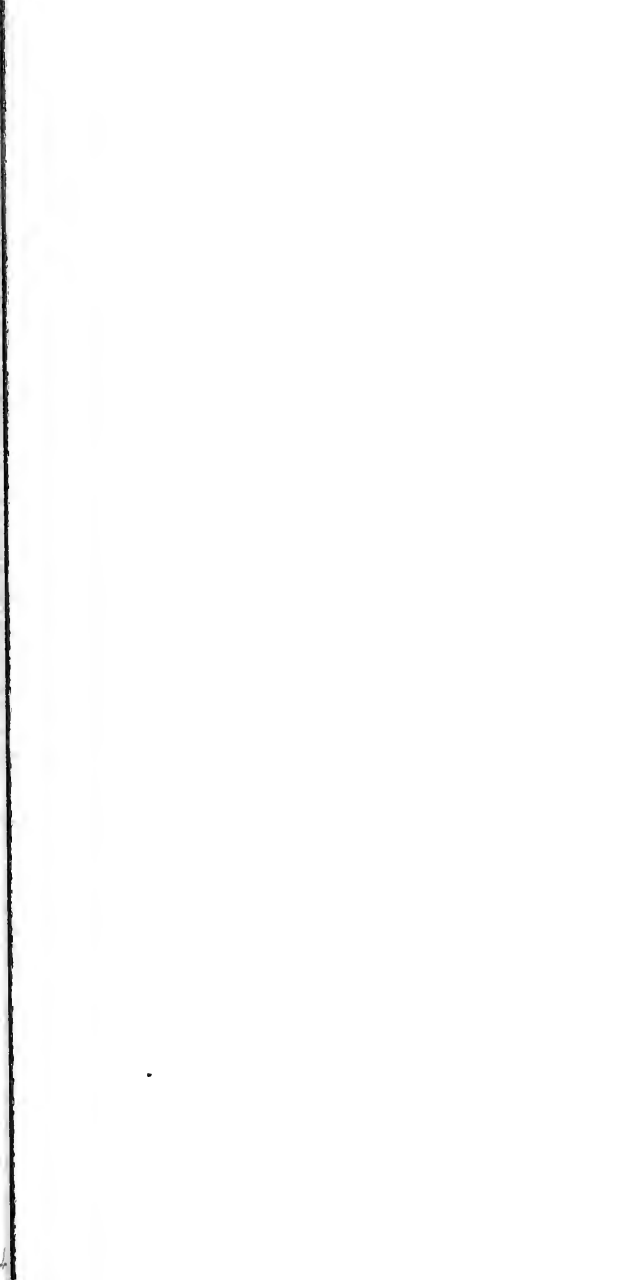
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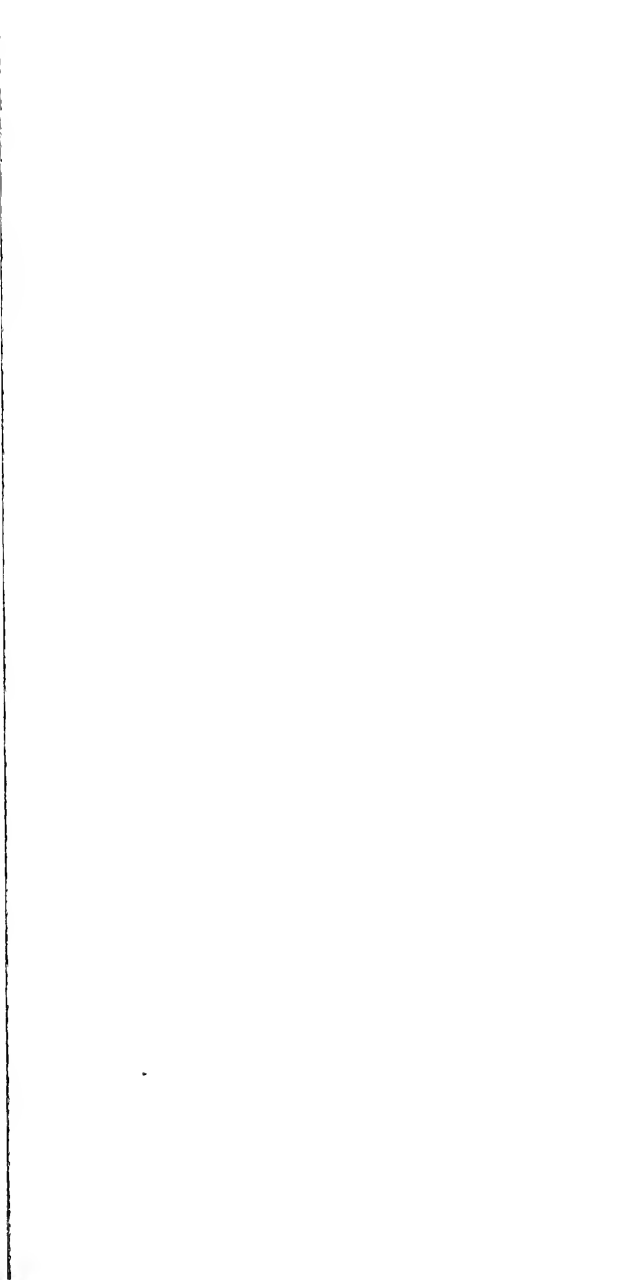
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